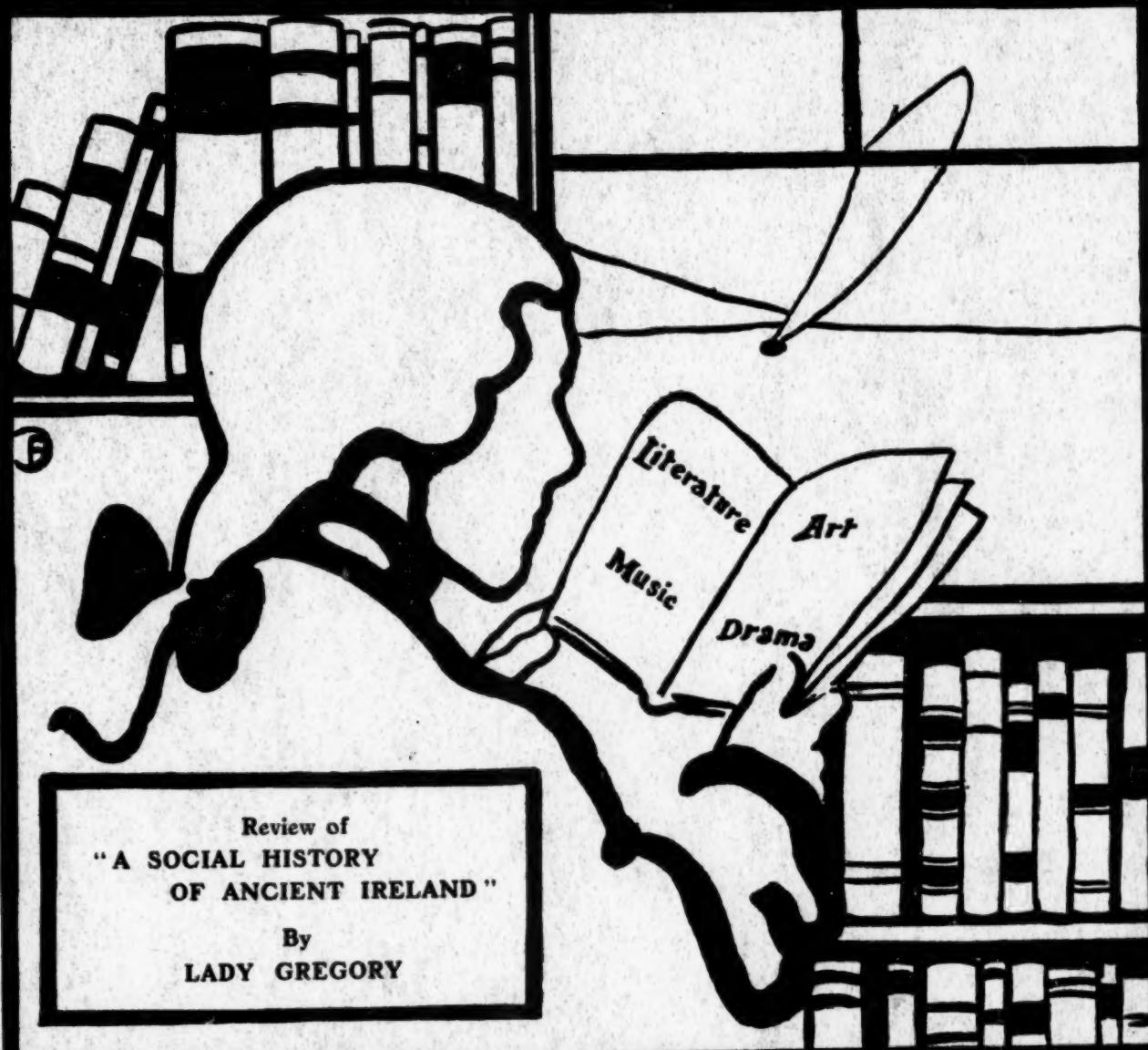


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Review of
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OF ANCIENT IRELAND"

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WEEKLY: THREEPENCE

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Literary Notes and News

THERE seems to be quite a large outcrop of military biography this season, among other volumes promised or issued being Lord Wolseley's Autobiography, the Life of Lord Gough and the Life of Sir James Outram reviewed in this issue.

Two weeks since I referred to the questions raised by Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch with regard to the dates given in the published diary of Marie Bashkirtseff. Mr. M. H. Spielmann sends an interesting letter dealing further with the matter, and it is to be hoped that those responsible for the publication of the Diary will speedily set all doubts at rest. A book of such human importance should not rest under a cloud.

THERE is more than mere social interest in our announcement of Mr. Zangwill's engagement to Miss Edith Ayrton, daughter of Professor Ayrton, F.R.S., and the late Matilda Chaplin Ayrton, M.D. A curious Zionist interest attaches to the new relation, inasmuch as the present Mrs. Ayrton, the distinguished authority upon "The Electric Arc," was a friend of George Eliot, and has always been understood to be the original of Mirah in "Daniel Deronda." Another member of the family, Professor Gregory, author of "The Great Rift Valley" and "British East Africa," is the authority upon the district recently offered to the Zionists by the British Government, having explored the whole of it on foot. Miss Ayrton herself has contributed stories to the "Westminster Gazette," "Lippincott," and other publications, and her mother, to whose career as a pioneer in the work of opening the medical profession to women in England the "Dictionary of National Biography" devotes a couple of columns, was the writer as well as the illustrator of "Child Life in Japan." Professor Ayrton, whose treatise on "Applied Electricity" is a popular handbook among students, is at present travelling with the Moseley Education Commission in America.

A WRITER in a new London monthly recently expressed the opinion that it was more than likely that the largest individual sale for Mr. Morley's "Gladstone" would be in Glasgow and certainly the sale there has been very good. But it does not justify some of the calculations, or rather guesses, that have been made on the subject. The number of copies sold has been stated at 1,000 and upwards; but a careful estimate puts the figures as nearly as possible at 650 or between that and 700.

MR. J. CHURTON COLLINS has undertaken to write the volume on Queen Anne for Messrs. Goupil's illustrated histories. An elaborate edition of More's "Utopia" by the same author will shortly be issued by the Clarendon Press, which institution is also publishing an edition of

Greene's "Plays and Poems." Mr. Churton Collins will deliver at the Regent Street Polytechnic a course of three lectures on "The Poets and Poetry of America," the American Ambassador occupying the chair, which lectures will be printed in the "North American Review."

THE October "Quarterly Review" contains many extremely interesting articles, including "The Religion of Napoleon I.," by Mr. J. Holland Rose, somewhat inconclusive however; "The 'Time Spirit' in German Literature" by Mr. Walter Sichel, and "The Life of Mr. Gladstone," an appreciative and unbiassed review. But has not "The Quarterly" lost some of its old-world charm and authority now that signed articles have become so frequent?

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN has completed for Messrs. Macmillan his "Landmarks of English Literature," and a volume of fishing sketches, which will be published next spring.

MESSRS. BROWNE AND NOLAN will shortly issue "Studies in Irish History," by General Sir William Butler and other members of the Irish Literary Society. Sir William Butler contributes his interesting lecture on Cromwell. Miss A. E. Murray, one of the other contributors, is the author of "The Commercial and Financial Relations of England and Ireland," recently published by Messrs. King, and Mr. Philip Wilson writes on the reign of Charles II. and the early years of James II., a somewhat neglected period of Irish history.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for publication immediately a new work from the MSS. of the late Sir Edgar MacCulloch, F.S.A., entitled "Guernsey Folk Lore." The work was bequeathed at the author's decease to the Royal Court of Guernsey, who are issuing the book. It will be edited by Miss Edith F. Carey. The volume will be very fully illustrated from photographs of historic monuments, scenes and customs.

CANON BEECHING has completed for Messrs. Ginn and Co., the American publishers, an edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, with an introduction and notes. The volume will appear before Christmas.

MRS. MANNINGTON CAFFYN's serious illness has delayed her work upon the novel, which it is hoped will be ready for the spring publishing season.

AMONG the lectures arranged for by the enterprising Irish Literary Society are "Irish Political Literature in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. P. Wilson; "Irish Bards," by Mr. W. P. Ryan; "The Irish National Theatre," by Mr. W. B. Yeats; "The Scot in Ulster," by Mr. T. W. Russell and "The Poetry of Thomas Moore," by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

PHILOLOGICAL students and lovers of Scottish song will be glad to learn that a complementary volume to the Centenary Burns and Centenary edition of Scott's Minstrelsy, consisting of the unpublished songs comprised in David Herd's manuscripts, is in the press and will shortly be published under the editorship of Dr. Hans Hecht. The introduction and notes will be of special value to students.

MR. JOHN LANE will shortly publish a new edition of William Morris' "The Defence of Guenevere," with illustrations by Miss Jessie M. King.

MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN is about to issue a new book. This volume, which Mr. John Long is to publish, consists of fairy stories for children. Mrs. Kernahan is also working hard at a new novel which is to be ready by Christmas. It is interesting to recall the fact that this author owed her first introduction to literature to the kindly interest of Sir Walter Besant and Mrs. Henry Wood. "Trewinnot of Guy's"—Mrs. Kernahan's most popular and striking book—made its appearance under the personal aegis, as it were, of these two writers.

MR. WARWICK DEEPING, the author of "Uther and Igraine," is some twenty-six years of age. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1895, and graduated in Arts and Medicine. Mr. Deeping began to write at the age of twenty, when, as might be expected, his work was chiefly poetical and in the vein of Keats. "Uther and Igraine" was begun when Mr. Deeping had reached the age of twenty-four. The romantic tone of the book was inspired by the lady to whom it is dedicated. The romance is—in spirit—personal. "Uther and Igraine" is the author's second book; "Fuliræ"—as yet, I believe, unpublished—was written twelve months' earlier.

SUGGESTIONS have been made by certain of the reviewers that "Mr. Herbert Flowerdew," the author of "The Woman's View," is a lady. This, I am authorised to state, is not the case. The somewhat feminine flavour of Mr. Flowerdew's name and work has probably been responsible for this mistake, but the name is his own. Also, it is not at all an uncommon name in East Anglia, where Mr. Flowerdew's forbears have lived for more than two hundred years. Mr. Flowerdew was educated in Nottingham and began to write at the age of twenty. His earlier efforts appeared in certain well-known magazines. It was the editor of a magazine for girls, for which Mr. Flowerdew had written some short stories, who urged him to write a novel for use in the magazine aforesaid. When "A Celibate's Wife" resulted, the editor found himself unable to use it. The story subsequently met with success in book form. "A Woman's View," Mr. Flowerdew's latest publication, took two years to think of and six months to write. The author's stories are produced under somewhat quaint circumstances. He composes directly on the typewriter, and finds it very helpful to have some mechanical work (preferably a clock to mend) by his side whilst writing.

UPON the principle, presumably, that one cannot have too much of a good thing, Mr. Unwin will shortly issue a political skit on lines similar to the "Wisdom While You Wait" books. This work, which is entitled "The Political Advertiser," will be delivered to the trade on November 3. Its cover is tastefully decorated with the portrait of a fine child, named Arthur, who, we are informed, has achieved his present growth entirely by means of the stimulating properties contained in "Cestle's Food." The volume contains some interesting illustrations, amongst them a photograph of certain ancient coins, which are described as deferred pay, shortly to be issued by the War Office to the descendants of soldiers who fought against William the Conqueror. Amongst the "Publishers' Announcements" will be found the advertisement of a new series of penny biographies about to be issued by Mr. W. Instead. From this we learn that the volume on "Lamb" is to be written by Mr. R. J. Seddon.

ALL Berlin is talking of Wilhelm Hegeler's new novel, "Pastor Klinghammer" (Fleischel). It is the story of two brothers who are so unlike in temperament and mind that from childhood onwards there was ever enmity between them: it culminates in murder, or as the courts pronounced it manslaughter, when both brothers love the same woman. In characterisation, in poetical feeling, in human sympathy, the book is an immense advance on his last, "Ingenieur Horstmann."

DEFOE's "Moll Flanders" has for the first time been translated into German. It is edited by Hedda and Arthur Moeller-Bruck, and published by Albert Langen, of Munich.

AMONG other translations announced, the most interesting is perhaps that of four works of Robert Browning—"In a Balcony," "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," and "A Soul's Tragedy." Somehow the idea of Browning in German seems strange, and judging by the German title of Pippa, "Pippa geht vorüber," the attempt will scarcely be pleasing. The courageous translators are F. K. Gerden and H. Heiseler, and the publishers the very enterprising firm of the Insel-Verlag, Leipzig.

IN a very interesting article in the "Frankfurter-Zeitung," which shares with the "Kölnischer-Zeitung" the honour of being the best newspaper in Germany, Dr. Max Meyerfeld of Berlin shows what contemporary English authors are known and read in Germany to-day and also points out what English contemporary authors Germans neglect to read. The authors most read are Messrs. Kipling, Jerome K. Jerome, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. The authors neglected or unknown and whom Dr. Meyerfeld considers the greatest names in contemporary English letters are Messrs. Swinburne, Meredith, Hardy, Gissing, George Moore, W. B. Yeats, Hewlett and A. E. W. Mason. It is a very curious thing how often in foreign lands an Englishman finds the lesser literary rights of his own country regarded as—well, as demigods. Does the foreigner see something in the men that is obscured for us? Or does distance lend enchantment to the view?

AMONG other interesting articles in the November "Magazine of Art" those on the work of Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., by Mr. J. Stanley Little and by Professor H. von Herkomer, R.A., on "Portrait Painting." The illustrations, as always in this magazine, are admirable.

MADAME ALBANESI is at work on a novel which will be published here by Messrs. Methuen and in America by Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co. The same writer is also working upon a play.

MR. A. H. BULLEN will publish in a few days the first series of "Popular Ballads of the Olden Time," edited by Mr. F. Sidgwick. The collection will be completed in four series. This first volume is concerned with Ballads of Romance and Chivalry.

THE November issue of the "Art Journal" contains an original etching by Mr. William Monk, R.E.; the continuation of the "History of the Royal Academy," by Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A. and Mr. F. A. Eaton; and "Decorative Art at the Venice Exhibition," by Professor A. Melani.

MESSRS. PUTNAM are issuing "Rhymes from a Round-up Camp," a volume of Western verse by Mr. Wallace David Coburn. The volume is illustrated by Mr. Charles M. Russell.

IN my note referring to Gustav Frenssen's Jörn Uhl mention was made of the German issue being high priced. I find, however, that such was not the case, the price, 5 marks, for a bound volume of 500 pages being, for Germany, low.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON's "Fanny Burney" in the English Men of Letters series must prove a wholly delightful book. No writer knows the period better or can treat it more delightfully; Fanny Burney was not only a charming figure, but was surrounded by men and women of interest.

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN has written and will shortly publish a new work on lines similar to "God and the Ant" and "The Child, the Wise Man and the Devil." This book (for which no title has yet been definitely selected) will deal throughout with the subject of immortality. Mr. Kernahan has also written a new detective novel, which, however—by reason of arrangements which have been entered into for its serial publication in various newspapers—cannot appear in book form for at least eighteen months. The lecturing field has of late been exploited by Mr. Kernahan with great success. He is now preparing a lecture intended for delivery before serious audiences. This is to be scholarly and critical in tone, and will be entitled "Some Poets I have Met: the Men and their Work." Amongst the living poets to be included are Mr. Swinburn, Mr. Watson, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Watts Dunton and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Amongst poets of yesterday, Mr. Kernahan has something to say concerning Robert Buchanan, Eric Mackay, Frederick Locker-Sampson, Grant Allen and Roden Noel. Mr. Kernahan's literary acquaintanceship is so wide and his outlook upon life so kindly, that he seems especially qualified to win renown as a lecturer upon "bookish" subjects.

IN the notice given last week of the new edition of Dr. Evans' translation of "The High History of the Holy Graal" hardly sufficient credit was given to the publishers, Messrs. Dent, for the admirable format of the volume. The decorative setting provided by Miss Jessie M. King, twenty-four drawings in red and black reproduced by lithography, is quite beautiful. An artistic and literary treat.

THE "Life of Father Dolling" has been carefully revised for the new and cheaper edition issued by Mr. Arnold, which, nevertheless, contains the entire material of the earlier edition.

MR. E. P. BARROW has written a companion volume to his "Fireside Fables," which will be entitled "More Fireside Fables." It is announced for publication by Mr. Elliot Stock immediately.

THE new Thackeray letters in the "November Century" are true Thackeray, just as charming as the letters already the world's property. Little new light is shed on the novelist's work, though a distinctly interesting hint is given about Ethel Newcome, which goes far to explain that clever lady's unlikeness to Thackeray's other pictures of young womanhood. The illustrations, too, are interesting, increasing our respect for Thackeray's historical knowledge.

THE death is announced of Mr. Albert Dresden Vandam, whose "Englishman in Paris" created some considerable discussion in 1892. At first taken for a real work of reminiscences, it gradually dawned upon the world that these two volumes were a huge literary mystification. He wrote brightly and easily, with the pen rather of the ready writer than of the man of letters.

MR. CHARLES THOMAS HUDSON, LL.D., F.R.S., the learned author of "Rotifera," written in collaboration with Mr. P. H. Gosse, F.R.S., died at Shanklin on October 24.

MR. EDWARD STANWOOD's "American Tariff Controversies in the Nineteenth Century" (2 vols.) will doubtless be eagerly read by politicians of all opinions. The work is issued by Messrs. Constable.

"Two Sides of the Face: Mid-Winter Tales," by Mr. Quiller-Couch, will be published in England and America on November 6 by Messrs. Arrowsmith.

MR. W. W. JACOBS' "Odd Craft," with illustrations by Mr. Will Owen, will be issued on November 6 by Messrs. Newnes.

AN article throwing new light on the historic Byron-Murray association will appear in the second number of "The Book Monthly," due on Monday. It is in the form of a talk with Mr. John Murray, and is accompanied by a picture of the famous Murray drawing-room in Albemarle Street, which has never before been photographed.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish on November 2 a new novel by E. H. Strain, author of "A Man's Foes." The title was originally announced as "An Innocent Impostor," but owing to the discovery that another story of the same name is in existence, it has been altered to "Laura's Legacy." On the same date Mr. Fisher Unwin will also publish a volume entitled "Shakespeare Studied in Eight Plays," by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, the author of "History in Fact and Fiction," and other works. The plays dealt with are: "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "King Richard the Third," "King Henry the Eighth," "King Lear," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

A GOOD old book, much sought after by collectors and "grangerisers," is to be given a modern dress. This is John Thomas Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day, or Recollections of the Events of the Last Sixty-Six years" (1766-1832). John Thomas Smith, who filled the office of Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum for a number of years, is better known by that extraordinary book "The Life and Times of Nollekens." In the "Rainy Day" Smith indulges in multi-various gossip about the London localities he knew best, and the art world of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Rowlandson, and the early Academicians. The new edition has been annotated with great fulness by Mr. Wilfred Whitten, who has also corrected the text and supplied a biographical introduction. The book will be illustrated by numerous portraits, many of them containing a dash of caricature. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

FOUR more volumes in the thin paper re-issue of the "Mermaid Series" will shortly appear. The "Best Plays of Ben Jonson," edited by Professors Brinsley Nicholson and C. H. Herford, will occupy three volumes, and the "Best Plays of James Shirley," edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, the fourth.

THE death is announced of M. Maurice Rollinat at Ivry; poet, novelist, musician, he was much read and a popular figure in literary Paris.

BOOKSELLERS Catalogues Received:—Messrs. M. H. Gill and Sons, Dublin (*Irish and General*); Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*General*); Messrs. Mawson, Swan and Morgan, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (*Topographical and General*); Messrs. R. Grant & Son (*History and General*).

Bibliographical

THE death of Mr. Albert Vandam has inevitably recalled the curiosity excited by the appearance of the anonymous "Englishman in Paris" in June and October 1892. Few books were so widely read at the time, and there was in 1893 a one-volume edition of which, I presume, copies are still obtainable. If, however, that impression is exhausted, I should think it would be well worth while to provide another, so that it be cheap enough. Of Mr. Vandam's acknowledged writings (apart from translations) the following is, I believe, a complete list: "An Every-day Heroine," adapted from the Dutch (1877), "Amours of Great Men" (1878), "We Two at Monte Carlo" (1890), "Masterpieces of Crime" (1892), "The Mystery of the Patrician Club" (1894), "My Paris Note-Book" (1894), "French Men and French Manners" (1895), "Undercurrents of the Second Empire: Notes and Recollections" (1896), and "A Court Tragedy" (1900). A cheap edition of "The Patrician Club" appeared in 1895; the "Paris Note-Book" had a second edition in 1896, and was re-issued in 1900 at half-a-crown. For some time past Mr. Vandam had been contributing a weekly article to the "Illustrated London News."

The announcement of a book by Mr. W. J. Dawson on Matthew Arnold reminds one of the comparatively small measure of criticism bestowed upon Arnold's work during recent years. Of course the so-called monographs by Mr. George Saintsbury (1899) and Mr. Herbert Paul (1902) were practically little more than critical commentaries on Arnold's successive publications; they were not, however, formal and comprehensive estimates. Something of that sort, if I remember rightly, was attempted by Mr. T. W. M. Lund in "The Message and Meaning of a Life" (1888)

and by Mr. Arthur Galton in "Two Essays," published in 1897. In 1898 Messrs. Putnam issued over here a volume entitled "Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age: Papers of the English Club of Sewanee"; but of this I have no personal knowledge. Essays on Arnold appeared in W. C. Brownell's "Victorian Prose Masters," L. E. Gates's "Three Studies in Literature," W. H. Hudson's "Studies in Interpretation," J. M. Robertson's "Modern Humanists," and R. A. Watson's "Gospels of Yesterday"; and I may mention also Mr. W. Sharp's introduction to certain of Arnold's poems in the "Canterbury Poets" (1896) and Mr. A. C. Benson's preface to a selection of Arnold's poems published by Mr. Lane in 1899.

And now there is to be a half-crown reprint of "Friendship's Garland" in the cheap edition of Arnold's prose works which Messrs. Smith and Elder have been gradually producing. Time was when copies of the original impression of the "Garland" were most difficult to get. Every now and then there would come from some enthusiast a cry for a new edition, but for a long time the publishers held their hand. Perhaps they were doubtful about the saleability of a book which in its origin seemed of temporary interest only. But the truth is, there is much that is likely to be permanent in the sparkling pages of the "Garland." Some of the satire is as much needed to-day as it was when uttered. Any way, the longed-for new edition came at last—namely, in 1897, and priced at four-and-sixpence a copy. That was good; but the promised half-crown reprint will do much to extend the vogue of the "Garland" among the thoughtful young men of to-day.

The Mr. H. Treffry Dunn whose "Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his Circle" are in the press is frequently mentioned in the "Life" of the poet-painter by Mr. W. M. Rossetti. Therein we read that Mr. Dunn was engaged by Rossetti to act as "art assistant." "Mr. Dunn," writes the biographer, "had a good deal of artistic experience and aptitude, and proved himself to be of no small service to Rossetti, both in matters of art, and also, as he was a steady-going man of business, in the general management of the house [in Cheyne Walk]. He ceased to be an inmate in 1881, but remained in communication with my brother. I believe him [this was in 1895] to be alive, but regret to say that, from the year 1884 or thereabouts, I have not seen and have seldom heard of him." As Mr. W. M. Rossetti is to supply a preface to the "Recollections" of Mr. Dunn, who is now described as "the late," we may assume that he will have something more to say about Mr. Dunn than he found possible in 1895.

Messrs. Methuen's promised reprint of Edward Fitzgerald's "Polonius" will be even more welcome than their recent reproduction of the same writer's "Euphranor"; and for this reason, that whereas, in the little book of "Miscellanies" by FitzGerald which Messrs. Macmillan lately added to their "Golden Treasures," "Euphranor" was reprinted in full, only the preface to "Polonius" was reproduced. The preface is well; but the purchaser with moderate means will be glad to make acquaintance in the new edition with the selected matter which the preface served to introduce.

Miss Edith Sichel, who is "paragraphed" as co-author with Mr. G. W. E. Russell of "The Woodhouse Correspondence," has been before the reading public for ten years at least. She seems to have begun with a three-volume novel called "Worthington Junior." Then came three works in the historical vein—"The Story of Two Salons" (1895), "The Household of the Lafayettes" (1897, with new edition in 1900), and "Women and Men of the French Renaissance" (1901). If it be really true that she wrote the women's letters in the "Woodhouse" book, it is to be hoped that she will give us some more work in that kind.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Scholar's Survey of Italian Literature

GEMME DELLA LETTERATURA ITALIANA. Raccolti da Joel Foote Bingham. (Frowde. 35s. net.)

THIS superb volume has a scope far wider than that suggested by its title. It aims, in fact, at laying before its readers not merely a selection of the best Italian verse and prose, but also notes historical and critical which may serve as guides to Italian literature at large. One interesting and unusual feature of the book at once arrests attention. Professor Bingham is an American who has devoted his life to the study of Italian literature, and he has chosen to present the fruits of that study in Italian rather than English. One reason for this course is his belief in the danger of mental vagueness as a consequence of linguistic confusion. It is his desire that the student should devote himself exclusively to the one idiom, and he even advocates the use of Italian instead of Italian-English dictionaries. By his adherence to his theory Professor Bingham has doubtless narrowed the public to which he will appeal, but he has produced a work more harmonious in itself and more acceptable to the real student of the language.

It would be impossible in a limited space to give any detailed criticism of a volume of 1,000 pages which essays no less than a survey of Italian literature. The book is monumental, well qualified to hold a permanent place alike in the library of the student and the lover of poetry. In his thoughtful and modest preface Professor Bingham disclaims any originality in his studies, and it is evident that he has followed closely the lines laid down by noted critics and historians. Individual labour and individual sympathy are nevertheless revealed on every page of a work which should prove little less than invaluable to its possessor, combining as it does a brief chronicle of literary tendencies and movements with illuminating quotations. The chronological and classified indices alone offer an authoritative guide to the noteworthy writers of each epoch, while the appendices, among other interesting notes, contain accounts of the various "accademie" which have played so marked a part in the development of literature and scholarship in Italy.

A work of this nature must inevitably be a matter of complex compromise, on which the lover of pure literature and the historical student are forced to mutual concession. On the whole, Professor Bingham's selections are admirable, but some readers will regret that more place was not made for the early poets, perhaps by the omission of the selections from the Divine Comedy, which cannot be adequately represented by such means. The mystical poems of divine love by Jacopone da Todi, that "Jongleur of God," should surely hold a place beside the "Fioretti." We miss, too, the Sicilian *canzone* of Frederic II., the great Hohenstaufe, and Enzo, his son; songs curiously significant, not merely as marking an early stage in the development of the language, but also as revealing the conquering Germanic race subjugated and absorbed by the conquered Italy. Enzo singing in his prison of that land—

Là dove è lo mio core notte e dia,

is not only one of the first Italian lyrics, but is historically suggestive of all mediæval Italy under the Holy Roman Empire.

Turning to modern days, we do not find among the poems of Carducci that hymn to Satan which, more than anything else in the poet's work, denotes the time of storm and stress to which he gave voice. We miss, too, the poignant lyrics of Ada Negri; nor can a place in the index be counted adequate recognition of Gabriele d'Annunzio,

that genius at once sensuous and mystical, most potent and most disastrous of influences in present-day Italian literature.

In spite of such omissions, Professor Bingham's work is one to be welcomed with gratitude by all students and with affection by all lovers of Italy. To the latter, it may be added, the Florentine binding, with its scarlet and vellum, will lend a final touch of charm.

DORA GREENWELL McCHESNEY.

Ancient Ireland

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT IRELAND. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. (Longmans. 2 vols. 21s.)

"LET us build up the wall of Jerusalem that we be no more a reproach." Dr. Joyce is an old builder of the walls of his country, and in this new book of his, written "to give glory to God, honour to Ireland, and knowledge to those who desire to learn all about the old Irish people," he has again proved himself a worthy craftsman. After eight years of work he has brought it out at the very moment it seems most needed; for the new interest in ancient Irish literature and history, awakened by the language movement, has led to exaggerations which are not all on one side. Sanballat still mocks at the builders: "What do these feeble ones? Will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?" And Tobiah echoing him says in scorn: "If even a fox go up he shall break down their stone wall." It is from College Green these voices are heard, for it was a professor of the chief University of Ireland who condemned the whole mass of ancient Irish literature as having more than the grossness of other literatures with hardly any share of their imagination and idealism, and it was another who gave it the same condemnation on hearsay, and yet another who desired that every Irish child should be taught that "the Irishry" were "for hundreds of years before 1600 A.D. a pack of naked savages, whose habits were an abomination to all civilised people." It is a natural reaction that leads some of our young men to believe that one poem of Owen Ruadh O'Sullivan's is worth all English lyrics, and to cry out in anger if a playwright puts upon the stage a princess of pagan Ireland who breaks her word, or a hero who is less than seven feet high.

Dr. Joyce's clear, accurate, impartial chapters may well be studied by both sides. He has chosen from the old writings all that tells of the social life, the arts and industries, the laws, the literature, the religion, the customs of the Gael, and he gives his authority for every statement. The old writers and song-makers are not perhaps to be altogether relied on, each century adding its own ornament; and the history of the pre-Christian religion especially is as fragmentary and probably as superficial as are the ordinary reports by missionaries of the beliefs of the countries they are striving to enlighten. But one knows at least from the broken fragments that the belief in the enduring life of those men who were beloved of the gods must have made it easy for Saint Patrick and his fellows to gain a hearing when they spoke of immortal and invisible things. Other evidence comes in. "It is certayne that Ireland hath had the use of letters very anciently and long before England" is admitted even by ungentle Spenser, who would gladly have harried the bards with whom he might have claimed kinship; and what good use Ireland made of those letters a part of the old writings remain to prove. The wooden palaces have crumbled away and only the tradition of their rich decoration is left, but the high crosses carved with interlaced

ornament and the exquisite illuminated manuscripts that still exist show a long tradition behind them. The lately recovered gold ornaments, and those already in the Dublin Museum, show that the descriptions of such fine things were not all vanity. The arts had perhaps not reached their perfect form, but were moving towards it when in the twelfth century the Anglo-Norman invasion laid its hard hand upon them. Songs and poems and traditional learning could be carried in the minds of wanderers, but the crafts that needed wealth and a settled life were doomed. The last of the beautiful purely Irish churches, those at Clonfert and Clonmacnoise, had been finished two years, and the last great piece of metal work, the shrine of Saint Manchan, three years, when Fitzstephen landed at Wexford. Within less than a century all beautiful arts, illumination, metal work, stone carving, had withered away.

This book of Dr. Joyce's, and Dr. Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland," and Dr. Kuno Meyer's new school of old Irish, will all do a great deal in that effort towards the building up again of our national life which has been ignored in the "National" schools and scoffed at in the rich University. One can but speak for oneself, and now that the memory of many books has faded, I remember well the day, many years ago, when a friendly neighbour gave me Dr. Joyce's "Irish Names of Places," and in doing so opened my ears to the whispers of brown Echtge and grey Corrib, and the very fields and lisses of my home, that told of histories and enchantments held in trust by them through many changes and many generations.

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

"The Eie of Italie"

VENICE AND ITS STORY. By T. Okey. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen, W. K. Hinchcliff and O. F. M. Ward. (Dent. 2ls. net.)

THERE are writers who can extract things lovely out of things apparently unlovely; there are others who can and do dim the lustre of things most beautiful and cover with a grey mist events the most romantic and soul-stirring; to the latter category Mr. Okey unfortunately belongs. No pen could render the history of Venice entirely uninteresting, no pen perhaps could do it entire justice. Mr. Okey seems to have been burdened by the accumulation of facts and figures, giving us a photograph rather than a picture of "the eie of Italie." Possibly the plan of the book is to blame for the somewhat impotent result, being half history, half guide-book, an attempt to mix oil and vinegar. Of guide-books to Venice there are sufficient; for a graphic, vigorous, colourful history there is room, room still. The best that can be said of Mr. Okey's work is that it is painstaking.

Turning to the illustrations we find little room for anything but praise. Of course the atmosphere of Venice cannot be placed upon paper by even the cleverest colour printing, but as far as success is attainable it has been achieved in this strikingly handsome volume. The colours are occasionally a little crude and hard, as for example in "Bead Threaders in Castello" and "Santa Maria Della Salute from Giudecca"; on the other hand, nothing could be better than the plates of "The Customs House," with its pearly tones, "The Shrine of the Holy Cross, S. Marco," deep and rich, the finely composed "S. Giorgio and S. Maria della Salute," and the severe "Ponte dei Sospiri." We almost wish the line drawings, save those merely architectural, had been omitted; Venice without colour is a soul without body. The cover design is rich and appropriate.

Altogether, despite its faults, a most desirable volume, pleasantly reminiscent to those who know Venice, pleasantly suggestive to those who know it not. Has city ever had

such charm for all men and women as this sea-begirt dream of beauty? All things to all men, romantic, realistic, splendid, sordid, palatial, squalid, honest and fickle? To quote the Envoi from this volume, "'The word *Venetia*,' says Francesco Sansovino, 'is interpreted by some to mean *VENI ETIAM*, which is to say, 'Come again and again'; for how many times soever thou shalt come, new things and new beauties thou shalt see.'"

Exiles

A COURT IN EXILE. By the Marchesa Vitelleschi. 2 vols. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

THE volumes which presumably cover under this title the story of the Stuarts from 1689 to the death of Prince Charles Edward's wife in 1824, are prefaced by the saving clause that the work is but an "anecdotal sketch." It is regrettably true. The book is agreeable reading, and one which, with certain exceptions—it is odd to read of Lord Mar's being "considerably riled"—is pleasantly written. But while adding several graphic touches, notably about Napoleon, to our knowledge of the Stuarts abroad, it lacks the "depth of scholarship" to make the work what it might have been—of authoritative value. While the author has made good use of exceptional sources of information for the local and Italian history, the latest authorities for the English have apparently not been consulted. Reference to Mr. Lang's "Life of Prince Charles," based on an exhaustive survey of the MSS. at Windsor, the source for any new light on the subject, or to Mr. Blaikie, or to the MSS. issued under the auspices of the Scottish Historical Society, would have prevented the medley of vague statements and inaccuracies copied from such obsolete authorities as Thomson and Johnstone, which militate against a wholly sympathetic enjoyment of this latest contribution to Stuart romance.

It was no fault of James that he was not at Sheriffmuir: Berwick was responsible for the delay. Nor need he be accused of cowardly selfishness in his flight to France, in which the Earl Mareschal did not join. Mar's advice, no ammunition, and a half-starved force were the responsible factors. James Monour left all he possessed to recompense the peasantry. His intimate correspondence shows that the estrangement between himself and his wife arose from no overt fault on either side. Devotedly attached, but of diverse temperaments, neither held the key of sympathetic understanding to the other. Domestic broils, confidential maids, and political traffickers in human nature engulfed two helpless and unhappy tools.

The Princess Sobieski meantime owed her marriage to Wogan, the Misses, Goydon, and O'Toole, not to Walkinshaw only. We should like the authority for Charles having joined in the war in Lombardy. His sole military experience surely was at Eaeta? He spent May-June 1737 touring with Strickland and Murray. This Murray it was, Lord Dunbar, who furthered Charles's journey to Paris, and it was at Balhaldie's instigation, not that of Murray of Broughton. Broughton has apparently been confused with his namesake, and further characterised from the spurious "Genuine Memoirs" of 1747. His really genuine "Memorials," published in 1898 by the Scottish Historical Society, places his connection with the Jacobite party in another light. He was not "intime" with Charles before they met in Paris. It was only in 1740, on Edgar's recommendation, that he officially became Scotch Correspondent, and was not made Secretary until August 1745. Charles, on their meeting in Paris, also discredited his accusations against Senpil and Balhaldie. At any rate Hay, Sheridan, Goring, and O'Sullivan—which latter was not made "General" till 1759—ran rivals for special favour.

The account of Culloden is perplexing. No contemporary evidence accuses the Macdonalds of deliberate treachery:

the right wing was broken before there was time for the left to charge simultaneously. It is also open to conjecture if Charles' "desertion" of his party was not due to a misunderstanding as to the rendezvous, Fort Augustus or Ruthven.

Charles' visits to London are confused. Charles was there in 1750, and himself gives his date for his "conversion." Probably Lady Primrose sheltered him on this occasion. He was in England again in the autumn of 1752; tradition says near Godalming. The subsequent story of Charles and Louise Stalberg is sympathetically told, though Louise would have gained more pity from posterity, as from the Cardinal, had she left Charles for solitude rather than for Alfieri. But in championship of her undoubted wrongs and misery why minimise the part played by Charlotte of Albany? The description given of her accords ill with Burns's "Bonny Lass o' Albany," as also with the good-hearted, cheerful countenance in Lady Seafield's portrait. As the Cardinal confessed to the Pope, her estimable qualities "won him over," and at least she took up the duties Louise abandoned. It is but fair to note all points in favour of a rival to a lady so ably depicted and sympathetically supported as is the Comtesse d'Albanie by her biographer.

VIOLET A. SIMPSON.

English Poetry

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By W. J. Courthope, C.B. Vols. III. and IV. (Macmillan. Each 10s. net.)

IN these two volumes of his valuable and elaborately thought-out History of English Poetry, Mr. Courthope deals with our poetry from the post-Spenserian period to the end of the seventeenth century. We have already expressed our opinion with regard to his general qualities as an historian of poetry. He is emphatically an academic writer, with the virtues and defects of the academic writer. Method, clearness, sanity, a safe pursuit of the *via media*, secure that his history shall embody the best results of modern scholarship in general. But for delicate originality of individual criticism one cannot look to it. He is not a Coleridge.

This does not prevent him from having a scheme or ideas of his own. While the fourth volume deals with the poetic drama, from Shakespeare onwards, the third treats rather of poetry in general. His main idea is to trace in poetry the growth of the national genius: he pushes to its completest issue the principle inaugurated by Taine, of considering poetry in relation to the environment which brought it forth. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, he holds the previous acquiescence in Constitutional Absolutism—in the Monarch and her counsellors informed by the national representatives—was replaced by conflicting currents, conflicting views as to the necessary means of securing the national unity on which all were bent: and this disintegration is represented in the national poetry. On the one hand is a certain continuous movement under the leadership of the Court, "showing itself partly in the simplification of ideas, and partly in the harmonious mode of expressing them. This line of poetical descent may be said to run through Daniel, Hall, Sir John Davies, Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir John Beaumont, Denham, and Waller, till it reaches its highest point of perfection in the poems of Dryden." On the other hand are poets stimulated to "novelties of fancy and diction" by "sectional and disintegrating forces" which are apart from the "onward stream of life" in the nation itself. These are Drayton, Browne, the "Wits," such as the two Fletchers, Donne, Ben Jonson, Herbert, and Cowley. While Milton stands apart from all.

This is very neat and convenient, as theories are apt to be. But like many academic theories, one doubts its truth, or at least its complete truth. Mr. Courthope seems

to allow that disintegrating forces were at work in the nation itself. Why, then, are these individualising poets or schools of poetry apart from the national life? We should rather say that (as mostly happens in England when a great poetic impetus exhausts itself) some poets, throughout the period, academically clung to the preceding tradition (with, perhaps, insensible modifications), while others initiated or adopted new methods, following new impulses. Denham, Waller, and Dryden surely have only an artificial place in the list. They followed the Court, but it was the fresh influence of France, coming through the Court, rather than anything in the national life, which dictated their quite novel and un-Saxon clarity. While what was racy and poetic in Dryden owed far more to Cowley and the modified tradition of the "Metaphysical School" than to the Gallicism of the Court.

It seems to us, in fact, a somewhat vague and baseless theory, despite its outward precision. And it is, we think, partly connected with an erroneous view of the so-called "Metaphysical School," or the School of "Wit," as Mr. Courthope prefers to call it. He perceives that it was no isolated apparition; that a like poetic movement to that which began in Donne and culminated in Cowley spread throughout seventeenth-century Europe. He endeavours to account for it by a variety of subtle causes. Generally speaking, he assigns as its causes the decay of scholasticism and feudalism, with the revival of the civic standards of antiquity. It is "the efflorescence of decay."

Now, as we think, it is only in its superficial characteristics that this poetry can be regarded as the product of decay. It was really a partly thwarted development. The great poetry built on elements of universal appeal had reached its height; had done all which, for the time at least, could be expected from it. If anything vital, with the soul of permanence, was still to be achieved, it became necessary to exalt and specialise the poetic element in poetry, as distinguished from the elements of general appeal. This movement was, in fact, an attempt to *quintessentialise* poetry. It was an attempt to do what was done with success by Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti—nay, by Wordsworth and Coleridge in their greatest work. It was experimental, and largely failed through misdirection. But despite that misdirection, it brought forth treasurable poetry in which we can all now recognise the foreshadowing of much modern poetry. In Vaughan we have beautiful strivings towards Wordsworth; in Crashaw towards Shelley and Coleridge. In many we discern a spirit which has been fulfilled (though it may often be after another fashion) in our finest modern work. Is it not, then, an imperception to call this the poetry of decay? Was it not rather a development partially *manqué*, an unfulfilled but fruitful experiment which showed the direction that English poetry would ultimately take to its triumphant gain?

But whatever we may think of the particular theory on which these volumes are based, they are worked out with excellent thoroughness, a cultivated taste, and in an attractive style. Nothing, for instance, could be at once more succinct and picturesque than the account of the peculiar atmosphere of the Restoration Court, with its mock Gallicism and the influence it exerted on literature. The volumes combine the qualities of solidity and interest, which seldom meet, and deserve to remain a standard work.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Shackled Omnipotence:

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE. By Alfred Russel Wallace, F.R.S., &c. (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

ONE can do no less than congratulate the octogenarian author of this laborious work upon the extraordinary mental and physical energy which must have gone to the production, within a few months, of a volume of 330

pages, on a highly abstruse subject practically new to the author, and demanding a great deal of research and the output of much thought. Hobbes was working hard when paralysis struck him down in his ninety-second year, and there are other instances, but there can scarcely be many parallels to the manner and circumstances of production of this book.

Readers of THE ACADEMY are familiar with Dr. Wallace's contention, to which the great weight of the author's name has made it necessary to devote two articles within recent months, but even Dr. Wallace himself appears scarcely to realise the overwhelming incredibility of his position. No allusion can be found in this book to the disproportion between the material universe and its object man—the latest of the ephemera—save in a single passage where the author seeks to explain the disproportion *in space*, by the analogy of the complex machinery necessary to produce a pin. As to the disproportion *in time* the author makes no reference. For what is it that he asks us to believe, and has written this most paralogistic of books in the attempt to prove? It is that, at some distant period—and Dr. Wallace makes much of its distance, as an argument in his favour—this universe was called into existence, by the will of a Creator, for a specific purpose, the production of man. Assuming the initial fact, we must agree with Dr. Wallace in assigning hundreds of millions of years to the age of the Universe. Then there arrived man. He has been here for a few hundreds of thousands of years. He has still a few—a very few—millions of years to run. It is true that in one place Dr. Wallace speaks of him as “permanent,” but elsewhere he repeatedly admits that there must come—and that comparatively soon—a period to man's existence. But he has apparently never asked himself, “What then?” We know that matter and energy are indestructible. We have every reason to believe that the Universe will exist for ever, and Dr. Wallace suggests no alternative. Yet he believes that the hundreds of millions of stars were called into existence aeons ago and will continue to exist for a quite indefinite period to come, in order that man might live upon the earth for a few millions of years—a fraction of a second in an eternity. Let him give us an analogy for this disproportion.

Take an instance of the pass to which our author is come in defence of his astounding thesis. Having proved, to his own satisfaction, that never before in the history of things, and never in time to come, nowhere in the solar system nor elsewhere, has been, is or will be anything comparable to man, he has, of course, to explain the existence of the stars. Now had I been attempting to prove his thesis, I should assuredly have suggested that the stars were created to produce in man a sense of the Creator's power, to aid in the development of his intellect and to cultivate in him the spirit of reverence and humility. Such an argument—of course it is not new—might, I think, have been at least defensible. But our author is reduced to estimating the exceedingly trivial amount of starlight that reaches us and to suggesting that there may be rays—as of course there may—that favourably influence living matter: all to lead up to his conclusion that—

in order to produce a world that should be precisely adapted in every detail for the orderly development of organic life culminating in man, such a vast and complex universe as that which we know exists around us may have been absolutely required.

We may let pass the curious inversion of biological truth which would have the world adapted to life, rather than life to its environment. In other words, the power that produced the Universe found it “absolutely required” to create some fifty thousand stars in the Pleiades, millions of stars and nebulae and other bodies elsewhere, and to wait for millions of years, in order to produce man. What a ludicrous conception of Omnipotence! The mind that had conceived man and that *created* the Universe

out of nothing was absolutely compelled to do it thus! How does this compare with the ancient Jewish conception which declares that God desired something “*and it was so*”?

If, after thinking about it, one is prepared to accept this conception of the First Cause of the Universe, one may go on to consider the arguments by which Dr. Wallace seeks to prove his case. Such a statement as that gravitation would probably act irregularly near the confines of the Universe—assuming that there are confines—Dr. Wallace has had to drop, though he preserves it in another form. The fact that the sun and his satellites are in motion at the rate of about twelve miles a second, so that if we were in the centre of the Universe yesterday we are not so to-day, and so that in a few thousand years we should cross the entire Universe as conceived by Dr. Wallace, from boundary to boundary, was pointed out to him. Had he been aware of it, it is incredible that he should have omitted all mention of it in his original paper. His way out of the difficulty is now to assert that the sun is not at the centre, but is revolving around it. Anyone can assert anything. The existence of the dark nebulae was also pointed out to him, and it was shown that the presence of one of these accounted for a dark patch in the Milky Way through which he had supposed, in trying to prove the Universe finite, that we saw into empty space. Yet Dr. Wallace quotes and italicises the words of Sir John Herschel, who was not aware of this fact, to the effect that, in such places, one can see right through the Milky Way into emptiness. As far as I can discover there is only one casual reference to the existence of these dark nebulae. But nebulae are a weak point in Dr. Wallace's knowledge, for he asserts that more than ten thousand are now known, whereas the actual number, according to Sir Robert Ball, is at least a hundred and twenty thousand, and he rejects the nebular hypothesis, which he cannot square with his thesis, though it is now generally admitted that every proof which could be asked for in support of any belief we now possess in relation to the nebular hypothesis. In one place Dr. Wallace tells us that nebulae develop into systems—accepting the hypothesis—but elsewhere he rejects it and tells us that another theory (which has only one supporter of any note) is steadily gaining ground. I have marked nearly forty other important points on which to traverse the argument, but, after all, that has been done by professional astronomers already.

C. W. SALEERY.

A Feast of Gossip

RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. (John Murray. 18s. net.)

THIS is the cream of “My Reminiscences” and “Old Diaries,” revised and compressed into a single volume. It scarce needs saying, therefore, that here is a feast of entertaining gossip about all manner of brilliant and famous people and things, but principally people; for Lord Ronald Gower's is emphatically that “personal talk” which Wordsworth disclaimed for his fireside. When the talk is about such people, however, even Wordsworth might have withdrawn his ban. Lord Ronald Gower is an excellent type of the cultivated and sympathetic man of the world, who from his childhood has moved among the people best worth knowing and of whom everybody wants to know. His worst fault is that he shares the slipshod style of his day, and of his own friend, Disraeli. “And who,” and the like constructions, pepper the pages.

Here you have a man who, with his brother and “the two eldest sons of my sister, Elizabeth Argyll,” played with the young Princes at Buckingham Palace. “And little did any of us then dream, when occasionally the young Princesses came in sight in the Palace gardens or within the buildings, that one of us would become the husband of one of them.” He has taken part in the

tournament of 1857 at Dunrobin Castle, which Lord Dufferin (who had seen the Eglinton tournament) thought the "prettiest sight he had ever seen." A toy tournament, none the less, where the lances were of paper, and were "bent and made useless by a high wind before we could shiver them on our antagonists' bodies"; while the most effectual part seems to have been a hobby-horse encounter, in which Lords Dufferin and Grey de Wilton shared, belabouring each other with bladders on sticks. He remembers when his mother, who had just lost her own husband, companioned and shared grief at Windsor with the freshly widowed Queen. He has finished the evening at Evans's in Covent Garden, the famous supper-rooms under the Piazza, where Paddy Green with white wig, rubicund face, and frequent snuff-box "received half the men about London." He made his maiden speech in those parliamentary days which are now legend: "My own voice sounded so strange, and I felt a kind of reckless sensation on seeing Dizzy spying at me through his eyeglass. I believe I addressed the House principally as 'Gentlemen' instead of 'Sir' or 'Mr. Dodson,' as I should by rights have done." But it was a success, and was supposed to have "turned the scale of the division," as "The Times" said in a leading article. He knew the *grandes dames* of that day when *salons* yet flourished. But from Dizzy to Garibaldi, from the Empress Eugenie to an old gentleman whose memory went back to Frederick the Great of Prussia, it would be difficult to say whom the writer has not met; though his most interesting memories are perhaps about the great English world of that early Victorian period which is fast growing ancient history to us. His tastes have led him to great artists and writers, no less than the great in action or society. About all he talks with the vivacity and keenness which won acceptance for his two former books and should win a welcome for this compendium of them, in which the best is retained.

A Good Knight

THE BAYARD OF INDIA: A LIFE OF GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM, G.C.B. By Captain Lionel J. Trotter. (Blackwood and Sons. 16s. net.)

CAPTAIN TROTTER is more fortunate in his subject than in his title; for though Outram's own comrades gave him the name of the fearless and stainless knight of France, yet the fatal association of ideas will link the words at the head of the title-page with Mr. Anstey's recent little Baboo skit, "A Bayard from Bengal." Further, one has an instinctive feeling that Outram himself would have particularly disliked such a title to any biography of himself. He never "showed off" himself, and did not wish any one else to "show off" for him.

But when once the title-page is surmounted, this biography is very good, if not enthralling reading. To be sure, there is a poem on Outram's push through to the Lucknow Residency, by "my friend, Mr. R. Jupp of Sunderland," and a prefatory sonnet, with three quotations in it, which the appended initials warrant the reader in ascribing to the same poet. In both of these pieces of verse the intention is better than the execution; and it is humorous to speak of Outram waving his "bright broadsword" in air, when the biographer notes that the hero carried a stout cudgel.

There seldom was a man so perfectly heroic and so entirely destitute of the usual graces and defects of the hero, as Outram. He stands on record as the sort of man that the best English boys would like to be—doing the right thing, the brave thing, the honourable thing, at times the reckless thing, as if it were the lighting of a pipe or the opening of a newspaper; afraid of nothing but fuss and flattery, angry at nothing but injustice and cruelty. A genius we need not think him; simply a good, honourable, practical soldier and man, with all ordinary excellences

raised to their highest power. He was tried in as many fights and as many dangerous negotiations as any man of his day; seldom, too, was he in sole command, and his colleagues and superiors were frequently incompatible and hostile. Yet no failure is recorded against him; and his inability to do his best at times was due to his rigorous obedience to orders. Characteristic of the man is his lasting regret at having given up to Havelock his own right to command the force for the relief of Lucknow. It was approved by superiors, it was a magnificent act of self-abnegation, it was giving a splendid soldier the chance of carrying out with an adequate force the task he had failed in through lack of strength; but Outram felt that it was a mistake, and his reason for so thinking was peculiarly his own. He had been put in command, and it was not for him to renounce his position; and as the cooler and more practical soldier, he felt that he could have relieved Lucknow with less expenditure of British lives than his brilliant colleague. Havelock had that touch of the knight-errant that mars the general. Outram could give away the glory; he had no right to waste the blood of one of his men.

Captain Trotter has told the story of Sir James Outram in a style which is adequate, if in no way striking. He has made use of the Outram family papers as well as of the longer Life by Sir Frederick Goldsmid and the histories of the Mutiny. One fact that he mentions is peculiarly interesting in the light of modern investigations. Outram, it appears, operating in a malarial tract, was almost the only man of his force who escaped jungle fever, owing to his practice of sleeping with his head rolled in gauze. No doubt, though perhaps he did not suspect it, he was guarding against the poison-bearing *Anopheles*.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

STUDIEN ZUR ENGLISCHEN LAUTGESCHICHTE. Von Dr. Karl Luick. (Vienna and Leipzig: Wilhelm Braumüller. 6s. 9d.)

THIS is the seventeenth volume of that most excellent and erudite series, "Viennese Contributions to English Philology," edited by Dr. J. Schipper; and it fully maintains the high standard established by the previous volumes. Dr. Luick has made an elaborate study of the evolution of the vowel sounds *e*, *i* and *u* in the history of early English literature. He has covered a vast amount of ground, and has paid especial attention to the dialectical variations of Northumbrian philology. His researches have led him to the conclusion that all those who have taken part in the prolonged controversy as to the short *i* and *u* may set their minds at rest. "No one," says the Professor, "has been altogether right, and no one has been altogether wrong."

A ROSARY. By John Davidson. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

HERE Mr. Davidson, the poet, writes prose—and remains a poet. We are almost tempted to say that a poet is never more a poet than when he writes prose, if he write it to please himself. The essential poetic quality of mind appears the more arrestingly by contrast with its form and formal aim. This "Rosary" is Mr. Davidson's little colloquies with himself on various matters. For the Other Man who shares the talk with him is merely put up to draw Mr. Davidson—a Watson to his Sherlock Holmes—and plays most unblushingly into his hands. Talk of what the two may, it is thorough Davidson. Which is to say that it is strong, and perverse, and racy, and original, and combative as an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair. It is part of the Other Man's function to tread on the tail of Mr. Davidson's coat, and call forth Mr. Davidson's swashing blow till his head ring with it. Also he calls forth by flashes excellent sayings and epigrams, as this:—

To know, to understand, and therefore to sympathise with, and love all men, even the worst, and yet to have to rule them, to have to punish them—the greatest men die of that.

Or again, regarding Watts's portrait of Tennyson:—

It is a personal utterance of the artist's—a lyric like his Gladstone and his Rossetti. One has only to glance up at the brilliant drama of Mr. Sargent's "Coventry Patmore" to perceive the sheer abyss between subjective and objective art.

It is a stimulant book, with the attribute of genius that, next to your perception of his rightness, he is perhaps never more stimulant than when he moves one to antagonism.

THE LIFE OF VOLTAIRE. By S. G. Tallentyre. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder. 21s.)

THIS is a model biography. Practically the whole life of France in the wonderful eighteenth century is before our eyes as the writer recalls the career of Voltaire, and we have interesting glimpses into the character of Frederick the Great. Thus, Mr. Tallentyre cannot be accused of that isolating of the subject from life generally which has been noted as a defect in certain recent histories of conspicuous persons. At the same time, his work is not distractingly discursive. Although prelates and princes and courtesans are constantly flitting about his expansive stage, it is upon Voltaire that the limelight always falls. The moods, the thoughts, and the actions of the other actors serve but to illustrate his own; and very fascinating these are, as revealed by Mr. Tallentyre, after the lapse of more than a hundred years.

A study of the volumes, which are as engaging as a creditable romance, leaves one pondering the theory that in order to be a beneficent regenerator of society a man must have a fair share of ordinary human passions and of human cunning. Voltaire was not well pleased with the connubial arrangements of the French Court; yet his own were scarcely better. The deceptions practised by the priesthood enraged him; yet he never hesitated to lie when by a lie he could escape from punishment for his actions. These are deplorable facts; but who has a right to cast a reproach on the memory of Voltaire? Luther, a great reformer of another kind, had an attitude towards women which was not saintly; yet Puritans are thankful that, sinner though he was, he lived and laboured to upset a rusty system of religion. Even as Voltaire disowned his pamphlets and other writings when they offended persons who had power to imprison or to expatriate him, our own Sir Walter repudiated the Waverley novels when it was inconvenient to acknowledge the authorship. Do not such considerations indicate the probability that it is impossible for a perfect saint to be a great man of action?

History is certainly on the side of this subversive conjecture; but perhaps a better way of putting it would be to say that it is perfectly impossible, while the state of society is much inferior to the ideal state, for a great man of action to be a perfect saint. Voltaire never affected to be that. Much of the delight with which we read Mr. Tallentyre's volumes comes from a constant consciousness that throughout the whole of his long life, struggling against many adversities, which included bodily frailty, Voltaire was a smiling, uncomplaining, plucky man of the world, wholly superior to spiritual or political humbug. The great Frenchman liked and admired England; but to grieve that he was not a Briton, as Frederick grieved that he was not a Prussian, would be vain. His admiration for England sprang from the fact that our country seemed to be destitute of wrong systems to be broken down. Still, might not a Voltaire be rather useful to us in the present age? W. EARL HODGSON.

CHARLES HADON SPURGEON. By One Who Knew Him Well. (Melrose. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE anonymous author of this little book has done his work upon a reasonable scale and has done it very well. To the hundreds of thousands for whom Spurgeon's personality is an undying influence this handy book, from one who it is evident knew and loved him, will be very welcome.

There is something in the career of the great non-conformist ministers that touches the calmest of outsiders with a sense of romance. Though one may never have heard or seen Spurgeon, though one may have grown up in an atmosphere in which his name was the last cry of vulgarity, one cannot glance through this simple sketch of his career without emotion. It staggers one to see to what a point he took himself seriously; to find what diligence of learning he showed, and how the tough fibre of his traditional Puritanism withstood every hostile influence. What was the force in this self-educated one-sided man that captured the hearts of men? Something more than the arts of his oratory, something beyond the fine Anglo-Saxon of his vocabulary and the spontaneous music of his periods; though these were much. One dares not pretend to answer, but his anonymous biographer tells a fine story that seems to suggest an answer. There was, it seems, a moment when he began to doubt his own sincerity; he grew troubled; he even retired for a moment from his work, resolved at any price to be assured on this point. The message came to him in his own words preached by a harmless plagiarist.

THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS. By A. Morris Stewart. (Melrose. 6s.)

THIS is a series of sermons on the Temptation of our Lord as narrated in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke. They come from a Scots manse; and we have noticed that sermons from Scots manses are generally characterised by insight and sweetness. So are these sermons characterised. The preacher looks into his text itself; he does not, after the manner of some, use it as a pointer to something that is afar off. He is the pastor and guide of a people that knows and loves the Bible, by whom indeed there is attributed to it a kind of sacramental power; all his training is directed to this end, that he shall be a preacher of the word. And withal there is sound scholarship among them as these pages bear witness.

PALÆSTRA XXXIV. Über Surrey's Virgilübersetzung, nebst Neuauflage des Vierten Buches nach Tottel's Originaldruck und der bisher ungedruckten Hs. Hargrave 205 (Brit. Mus.). Von Dr. Otto Fest. (Berlin: Mayer and Müller. 3s. 7d.)

GEORGE CHAPMAN'S ILLIAS-ÜBERSETZUNG. Von Dr. Alfred Lohff. (Berlin: Mayer and Müller. 3s.)

THESE volumes add to the already large debt students of English literature owe to German critics and professors. The first is the latest volume of the excellent "Palæstra" series of texts to illustrate German and English philology. The general editors are the well-known scholars Alois Brandl, Gustav Roethe, and Erich Schmidt. Dr. Fest here attempts to determine exactly the important place held by Surrey in the history of English literature. He examines his style in detail, states Surrey's relations to his predecessors in the same line of work in Scotland, Italy, and France, and his influence on the epic poets and dramatists who were his successors.

Dr. Lohff's book seems to contain everything a student could possibly want to know about Chapman's Homer. Among the subjects treated are Chapman's choice of metre, his deviations from his original (his free method of translation is defended), his English forerunners and successors in Homeric translation, his critics, favourable and unfavourable.

THE VALET'S TRAGEDY, AND OTHER STUDIES. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

NOT long ago, in reviewing Mr. Pollock's history of the Popish Plot, we had occasion to mention, incidentally, that there might still be living descendants of the Royal Stuarts in the male line. Our theory was derived from the fact, generally forgotten, that when Charles II. was a youth of

between sixteen and seventeen he became an irregular father. The mother, "a young lady of a family among the most distinguished in our kingdoms," dwelt in Jersey, where Charles had been staying. The youth, when grown up, went to Rome, seeking admission into the Society of Jesus, under the name James de la Cloche. What became of him? Neither Mr. Pollock nor we ourselves knew; but since then Mr. Lang has been looking into the mystery, and it is a strange drama he now unfolds.

King Charles perceived a divided duty in the matter of religion. Reciting an analogy from Pascal, Mr. Lang puts the problem so quaintly that we had better copy it from his words.—

Let it be granted that reason can discover nothing as to the existence of any ground for religion. Let it be granted that we cannot know whether there is a God or not. Yet either there is, or there is not. It is even betting, heads or tails, *croix ou pile*. This being so, it is wiser to bet that there is a God. It is safer. If you lose, you are just where you were, except for the pleasures which you desert. If you win, you win everything! What you stake is finite, a little pleasure; if you win, you win infinite bliss. So far Charles was prepared theoretically to go; but he would not abandon his diversions. God would never punish a man, he told Burnet, for taking "a little irregular pleasure." Further, Charles saw that, if bet he must, the safest religion to back was that of Catholicism. But if he put on his money publicly, if he professed Catholicism, he certainly lost his kingdom. Consequently, he tried to be a crypto-Catholic; but he was not permitted to practise one creed and profess another. That the Pope would not stand.

What was the distressed monarch to do? Although no ordinary priest would receive him, while professing Protestantism, into the Church of Rome, perhaps his own son, when in Holy Orders, would be more considerate. Therefore the King wrote to James de la Cloche commanding him to visit England, and made elaborate arrangements for the royal Jesuit's journey and arrival in secrecy. James seems to have set sail for England; but from that time, the middle of November 1668, there was no certain trace of him. Then, however, or soon afterwards, a youth calling himself James Stuart, and avowing himself to be a son of Charles by an amour in

Jersey in 1646 with "Lady Mary Henrietta Stuart," appeared magnificently at Naples. Who was this? Was he the Jersey foundling in a new guise? Was he an impostor? That is the question Mr. Lang had to consider. After much research, he found himself in possession of considerable evidence. James Stuart fell in love with and married Teresa Francesca Corona, the daughter of an innkeeper at Naples. Not wishing the bride's family to appear to their neighbours at a disadvantage, he gave to her father a considerable sum of money, with which to provide a dowry. His munificence became known; his command of wealth aroused suspicion; and he was cast into gaol. After vicissitudes, knowing that he was about to die, he wrote a will in which, among other bequests, he arranged that his unborn son should become either Prince of Wales or a prince of some similar rank. He died. Was he really the son of Charles II.? Was he some friend or servant of James de la Cloche, who had perchance murdered him, or known of his death, and stolen his secret? After careful balancing of the evidence, Mr. Lang cannot tell. "So," he writes, "the matter stands; one of two hypotheses must be correct—the Naples man was James de la Cloche or he was not—yet either hypothesis is almost impossible."

This conclusion will be rather unsatisfactory to those whose taste in romance has been determined by the neat achievements of Sherlock Holmes. To them it would have been a real comfort to know that the Stuart descendants of the Jersey lady have been living, even if not in royal happiness, ever afterwards. In the volume before us, there are eleven other tales of historical mystery, and most of them have similar endings. One can never, reading them, shake oneself quite free of an uneasy feeling that Mr. Lang has laughter in his sleeve as he unwinds his strange cases. His learning in the by-paths of history is so great that it would be easy for him to play tricks with one's trusting curiosity. Still, the thought is noted only to be banished. Mr. Lang is not to be suspect because he handles his peculiar lore with ease and even mirth. He is to be praised, indeed, on that account. It is his peculiar charm.

W. EARL HODGSON.

Fiction

ROMANCE. By Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Hueffer. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE expectation with which admirers of Mr. Conrad's work will take up this story will be fulfilled long before the last page is reached. This writer has too strong an individuality to be able to do himself justice when writing in harness with any one. Collaboration is almost sure to be harmful to one or other of the collaborators unless either their gifts are almost identical or so dissimilar that they work practically apart, though on one canvas. Even if it were not known to be the fact, no one could doubt that "Romance" is the result of much study and careful elaboration. The story is not convincing, though admirably clever. When writing alone, Mr. Conrad paints the soul of man and of nature; he and Mr. Hueffer have together drawn for us the outward semblances of men and women, their appearance, their manners and their ways of speech, and again and again the reader will pause to say, "What a wonderful piece of word painting!" but it is all paint, the picture is soulless, inspiration drowned with elaboration. The story is full of exciting adventure, full of dramatic incident, but the plot hangs fire in this as it must do in all such tales unless breathlessly told, for the simple reason that, however apparently hopeless the situation of hero or heroine, we know the end will be happy. Mr. Conrad's past work has made it necessary to judge him by a very

high standard; "Romance" written by many another writer needs must be written down a striking work of art: associated with Mr. Conrad's name it is disappointing; a striking story, but not convincing.

KATHARINE FRENESHAM. By Beatrice Harraden. (Blackwood. 6s.)

PRELIMINARY paragraphs have made it clear to all men that Miss Harraden has spent considerable time in Norway during the preparation of her new romance; otherwise, the reader might be tempted to suspect that she had put in her local colour from a volume of travels and a phrase-book. Surely an experienced author should be too wise to let her back-ground transform itself into a fore-ground, yet this is what occurs throughout the novel. Miss Harraden cannot convince herself that close accounts of Norwegian local customs do not conduce to the dramatic effect of a story which concerns itself after all with English people and that atmosphere is not to be conveyed by scraps of foreign dialogue with translations in brackets. The human problem set forth in "Katharine Frensham" demands a treatment more profound and subtle than the author has accorded it. In one of his strongest books William Dean Howells wrought out with relentless logic the effect produced on two sensitive natures by an imagined guilt and a haunting dream. Here the motive is similar.

Clifford Thornton cannot rid himself of the sense that he is guilty of his wife's death because in a dream he has uttered his long-repressed bitterness, and she, in a dream, heard his arraignment. Peculiar insight and skill are needed for such a psychological problem, but in "Katharine Frensham" it is comfortably clear all along that Clifford is going to escape from the shadows, which, indeed, are only there to emphasize the coming light. The book is pleasantly written, and "Knatty," the quizzical Danish governess, is an amusing acquaintance. But though "Katharine Frensham" may be a cultured and pleasing story, it is not life, or, in any true sense, literature.

Short Notices

General

ON SAYING GRACE. By H. Lancelot Dixon, M.A. (Parker. 5s.)

IN this interesting little volume the author indicates the origin of this time-honoured custom and traces its growth up to the present day. That the custom is ancient is proved by quotations from Pagan literature, which show that the habit of dedicating some portion of food to the gods is analogous to "saying grace." "Athenians remarks that 'none but epicureans began their meals without some act of religion.'" The author then adduces evidence from Hebrew and Christian literature as to its growth. It is interesting to note that the Ainûs, the aboriginal inhabitants of Japan, practise a rite of giving thanks before meals. The second part of the volume is devoted to forms of graces, ancient and modern, including those in practice at Oxford and Cambridge and in public schools. A careful and valuable study.

ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF ENGLISH COLONIES. By H. E. Egerton, R.A., (The Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.)

AN introduction to Mr. C. P. Lucas's "Historical Geography of the British Colony." It deals with the Influence of Religious Dissent on the Foundation of Colonies, the labour problem in New Colonies, and many other problems of to-day in connection with colonisation. A scholarly and authoritative work.

THE SIMPLE LIFE. By Charles Wagner. (Isbister. 3s. 6d.)

A TRANSLATION of the Alsatian shepherd's plea for a simple life, "simple thoughts, simple words, simple needs, simple pleasures, simple beauty." Some chapter headings are "The Mercenary Spirit and Simplicity," "Notoriety and the Inglorious Good," "The World and the Life of the Home."

ANIMALS OF NO IMPORTANCE. By W. Dewar. (Thacker.)

A CHATTY anecdote book mostly about small animals as known in India. The sketches are evidently personal observations showing a sense of humour and kindly insight. The author talks about such small animals as locusts, spiders, cuckoos, ants, and the animal life of the ocean, giving many amusing stories of their habits and manners.

THE CARE OF A HOUSE. By T. M. Clark. (Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.)

THIS book supplies an obvious want in domestic literature. We have scores of books dealing with cookery and the care of the house, but we have never before seen a book which treats of the care of the house scientifically, showing how a house is built, from the foundation to the topmost chimney. The aim of the book is to enable householders to repair the disorders to which a house is subject by going to the root of the matter instead of treating in a superficial manner such troubles as cracks in woodwork or an unsatisfactory kitchen stove. "Steam and Hot Water Heating," "Plumbing," "Gas-pipes," and "Electrical Fixtures" are some of the subjects dealt with.

Reprints and New Editions.

THE SCARLET LETTER. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Routledge. 1s. net.)

ANOTHER Hawthorne, this time a small pocket volume, suitable even for a small pocket, printed in good clear type and bound strongly in red cloth.

FESTUS. By P. J. Bailey. (Routledge.)

AN attractive edition printed on thin paper and bound in green leather. Suitable for a gift book.

FAUST. By Goethe. Translated by John Anster, LL.D. Pocket Classics. (Newnes. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE "get up" of this dainty volume leaves nothing to be desired. Letterpress, binding, and illustrations alike are all excellent.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By James Boswell. 2 Vols. (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is wonderful to have so big a book in so small a space. Not only are the volumes small but beautiful as well.

a OLD CHRISTMAS; b BRACEBRIDGE HALL. By Washington Irving. (Macmillan. 2s. each, net.)

IT is needless to praise Caldecott's illustrations to "Old Christmas" and its sequel, for they are already well known, but we may say that they are capitally reproduced in these new pocket volumes. Two handy and artistic books well bound in red cloth.

a THE EVE OF ST. AGNES, by John Keats; b THE STORY OF ELYANE by Sir Thomas Malory Curtis. The Astolat Oakleaf Series.

THESE charming little books show every sign and taste in their production. Good to handle and good to look on.

Fiction

ADMONITION. By John Ayscough. (Harper. 3s. 6d.)

"ADMONITION" is not the heading of a discourse or is it an unpleasant duty, but it is the name of the heroine, "Admonition Fairfax." The book purports to be some leaves from her rather desultory journal or diary, written when living with her brother, a country parson, and afterwards describing a tour in Sicily. From being a pretty young girl with an income of one hundred and nine pounds eleven and fourpence and no prospects beyond the spending of the same, she eventually becomes by a series of extraordinary chances the heiress to a title and a large fortune. The author has a sense of fun, and the book has bright passages.

THE LONGSHOREMAN. By George Bartram. (Arnold. 6s.)

"THE LONGSHOREMAN" is a stirring story of the smuggling days at the beginning of the last century when silk, tobacco and spirits were stored in strange places. In the little village of the story all the inhabitants are involved, from the highest to the lowest. There are many encounters between the smugglers and the revenue officers, many are wounded, and many desperate deeds done. The story is not without a love interest: the sweetheart of the chief excise officer is abducted by the smugglers, a slighted woman becomes the Nemesis of one of the smugglers. A good yarn.

PYRAMIDS OF SNOW. By Edith Metcalfe. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

"I CAN tell you without the help of an augur what will be your fate if you become a gambler. . . . Your gains will disappear more quickly than they came, melting like pyramids of snow." This and the frontispiece picture of the uncle turning his gambling nephew out of doors indicate the nature of the story. The gambler, whom we first meet at Monte Carlo, becomes, with extraordinary rapidity, first an embezzler and then a murderer, but is never successful in any of these capacities. An improbable story.

NESSA. By L. McManus. (Sealy, Bryers and Walker.)

THE scene of this story is laid in Ireland, with which the writer is so familiar, during the Cromwellian Settlement of 1654. The garrison of soldiers waiting for disbandment and their assignments of land in a desolate country are reminded by their captain that marriage with the Irish women is sternly forbidden, and any officer who does so will be deprived of his command. Within a few weeks the captain has contracted a secret marriage with Nessa in Connor, with whom he has fallen violently in love. The scene in which he acknowledges his wife before the soldiers, and goes forth ruined and dishonoured, is very dramatic and full of feeling. We can heartily praise this little story. The treatment of the theme is firm and convincing, and the atmosphere is full of colour.

[For Books Received, see page 482.]

W. E. H. Lecky

THE death of Mr. William Edward Hartpole Lecky on October 22 rendered still smaller the little band of survivors of the great writers of the Victorian era, an era distinguished for the large number of first-rate historians and the great advance made in historical methods. Before that period history had been an art only; during it, it became a science as well.

Mr. Lecky, who was born near Dublin in the year 1838, may be said to have been self-educated, finding during his university career at Trinity College, Dublin, that it was more profitable to him to pursue his own course of study rather than to strive after academic honours. In 1859 he graduated B.A., and, influenced by his reading and the gradual change wrought by it in his views, he decided to abandon his intention of entering the church and to devote himself to the pursuit of letters. He had taken an active part in the Historical Society, showing himself an accomplished speaker in the debates of that institution being awarded the gold medal for oratory. Leaving Trinity he spent some four years travelling and studying on the Continent. Mr. Lecky's method of study has been described by himself—to examine opinions from the historical standpoint, to investigate their growth and their relation to the conditions of their age and the part for good or for ill that they had played in the world's history. To the work of public men he applied the same tests, rarely permitting temperament or his own personal feelings and opinions to bias his judgment.

In 1861 Mr. Lecky published anonymously a volume on "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," critical essays on the life, times, and work of Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell; a work of extraordinary grasp and insight for so young a man. This was followed in 1865 by the "History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe," and in 1869 by the "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," works which, if they displayed no profound originality of thought, showed how wide and how critical their author's reading had been. These two books were received with varying criticism, but were acknowledged by all to place their writer in the forefront of living men of letters. The work by which, however, he will stand or fall in the judgment of future generations, began to issue from the press in 1878, the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," two volumes appearing in that year, two more in 1882, two more in 1887, and the final two in 1890. The history was afterward re-arranged in twelve volumes, seven devoted to English history, five to Irish. In 1891 Mr. Lecky published a small volume of "Poems," in 1896 "Democracy and Liberty," and in 1899 "The Map of Life." In 1895 Mr. Lecky was elected to represent Trinity College in Parliament, retiring owing to ill-health at the beginning of this year; in 1897 he was made a Privy Councillor, and he was one of the twelve original members of the Order of Merit. In 1894 he was elected a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and was the recipient of many other well-earned honours.

In appearance, Mr. Lecky was striking: tall, slight, loose-limbed, full of "willowy" movement and quaint gestures—the caricaturists readily and easily seized upon his outward appearance, but none but those who had met him could realise the refinement and intellectuality of his face or the kindly courtesy—graciousness—of his manner and address. In public he appeared at his best as an after-dinner speaker, the atmosphere of contest in the House of Commons hardly suiting his style of oratory. No one could forget it who had witnessed his presidency on, say, such an occasion as the dinner of the old Trinity College students in London. Surrounded by such men as Lord Wolseley, Sir William Howard Russell, Mr. Carson,

Sir Robert Ball, Mr. Redmond, and other accomplished speakers, he would more than hold his own; standing up with hands clasped before him, in an attitude strangely suggestive of a mediæval saint, he would give utterance to charming thoughts charmingly expressed, lit up every now and then by touches of humour and gentle irony; not an unkind word, but often a genial thrust.

Of the writer of imaginative work, of the poet or the novelist, it is impossible for contemporary critics to form a final judgment; of the historian, as of the man of science, it is easier to speak without fear of being entirely wrong. That Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" will stand the test of time it is difficult to doubt. Whatever new facts may come to light—and no one yet knows the whole inner history of Ireland during the close of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth—Mr. Lecky's history will remain a monument of patient research, of critical acumen and of clear judgments. He possessed a style not over-charged with colour, or yet cold, almost the ideal style for the historian, neither as bloodless as that of Stubbs nor as gorgeous as that of Froude. His chief work is in no sense a continuous history, but a series of episodes—or pictures of episodes, happily arranged, clearly drawn, and distinguished by a rare love of truth.

Reminiscences

In the autumn of 1857, I first became acquainted with Lecky when we were undergraduates together at Trinity College, Dublin. He was a year younger than myself in age as well as in University standing, but there was something about him which was bizarre, weird, and, to me, very attractive. We had some walks and talks, and I fell under the spell of his remarkable personality. In that year the "Old Historical" Society—the debating society founded in Trinity College by Edmund Burke nearly a century before—was a notable institution within the college walls. The debates were held on Wednesday evenings in the Dining-hall of Trinity College, and were open to the public, whose attendance was always a sure test of the merits of the contending debaters. A gold medal for oratory was awarded annually at the end of each session by the suffrages of the members, and was the object of keen competition. In that year (1857) Edward Gibson (now Lord Ashbourne and Lord Chancellor of Ireland) had carried off this much-coveted prize. In 1858 the struggle seemed to lie between David Plunket (now Lord Rathmore) and myself. For some occult reason Lecky seemed to care for my modest efforts, and gave me kindly and cheering plaudits. The contest became keen, and I believe that I owe it to his generous encouragement that at the end of the session of 1858 two gold medals were awarded. In 1859 Lecky obtained the distinction for himself. On one evening of that session he rose to his feet in the debate, and to the amazement of us all poured forth a stream of mellifluous and finished eloquence that carried all before it. It was meteoric. It was not a speech, it was a recited essay, but it raised the standard of debating rhetoric enormously. It was "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere."

I met him again in Switzerland in 1860 at Lucerne; he was travelling alone, so we fraternised. In one of our walks he produced shyly a little volume of essays which he gave me. There was no author's name, but I remember the title was "Religious Tendencies of the Age." He confided to me that he was the author. Alas! I lent and lost the little book. We had been reading together "Les Rayons et les Ombres" of Victor Hugo, when one day he gave me, with many blushes and

much confusion, a tiny brochure (wretchedly printed) containing "Angelina," a poem of his own. He read or recited the whole of "Angelina" to me from the stern of a boat (while I did the sculling), on Lake Uri near Tell's Chapel; I have in my memory, to-day, the pathetic cadence of his voice as he almost chanted the following wail of the widowed bride from his little poem:—

He has not gone, he has not gone!
I feel his presence near;
In every sight of loneliness,
Of grandeur and of fear,
Reflected and diffused I meet
The presence of his mind;
So gentle, yet so passionate,
So lofty yet so kind.
I see his beauties mirrored forth
In nature's glowing face,
In every form of earth and sky,
His lineaments I trace;
The fleeting cloud, the changeless star,
The wild majestic sea,
The flower, the lake, the cataract
All bring my love to me!

Afterwards in the same year, 1860, we saw the Oberammergau Passion Play together. It was a real thing in those days, and the peasants, male and female, came from every corner of South Germany full of faith and fervour. Lecky was eloquent and enthusiastic over this strange survival of medievalism. We went to Oberammergau from, and returned to, Innsbrück, and it was at the hotel at the latter place that the first notes for the "History

of Rationalism" were then written. Lecky's methods of literary composition were peculiar. He was exceedingly tall—six feet four or thereabouts—and possibly on account of a feeble circulation he loved a horizontal attitude. The early pages of the "History of Rationalism" were written on the floor, while the author lay prone upon pillows as he wrote. He sent me an early copy of the "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland"; and when the two blue volumes of the "History of Rationalism" were given to the world three or four years afterwards, he sent me a copy with a characteristic letter. During those years he was visiting the great libraries throughout Europe for purposes of research, and he seemed to me to be ubiquitous. I met him in the street in Vienna, in Berlin, at Munich, at Dresden, and wherever books abounded in big libraries. I remember thinking that if I did not come across Lecky in the high-ways of a German or Austrian capital I must have gone astray! Afterwards we went our several ways in life and only met occasionally in London. He never seemed to me to grow older. Certainly his demeanour never changed. His was always the same delightful, eloquent, shy, fascinating, unique personality, and among the happiest recollections I cherish in the evening of life—the "e'enning that brings a' hame"—is that of an unbroken friendship with Lecky which lasted for nearly half a century and was by me highly prized. To know Lecky well for so many years was a great privilege, and I shall miss him much in the days to come.

T. W. S.

Athenæum, Oct. 28.

A Novel Note in Biography

It will be remembered that when Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest book, "Lady Rose's Daughter," was published there was considerable speculation and discussion as to who Lady Rose really was. The slight sketch of Lady Rose herself and the delineation of her character, and of her fascinating daughter Julie, were so lifelike, and at the same time so vaguely reminiscent, that all readers of the book looked around for the originals, for originals there must surely be. For obvious reasons Mrs. Humphry Ward had been compelled to alter names, dates, and even some incidents in the interest of living persons, *Julie* and *Lady Rose* being names used for the purpose of disguise. The dull course, in a biographical work, where a real name must not be given, is the employment of asterisks, or to say Sir J. — and Lady —, an ugly expedient. The biographer of lately living personages is often faced with this difficulty.

By curious chance, I met in Nuremberg this summer some close friends of the parties concerned, who told to me the true history of Julie's parentage. It appears that Julie was the offspring of the principals in "The Serious Wooing" (Mrs. Craigie's biographical study, published in 1901)—a daughter of the charming Rosabel, who threw in her lot with that of Jocelyn Luttrell, the idealist and reformer, flying with him to Nuremberg, where my informants had known them. Who, that was interested in Rosabel's determined fight for love, her battle royal with her pleasure-loving, conventional relations, her eager partizanship of the man of her choice, can doubt that Lady Rose is but another name for the same person? or, that Sir Wilfrid's sketch of the delicately cultured woman ("Lady Rose's Daughter," pp. 21 ff.), whose nature was that of a fine violin, sensitive to every touch, and obedient to the hand of the master, Love, is a picture of Rosabel? Is not Colonel Delaney, the rebel and agitator, careless of the conventions of life, ever mindful of the needs of the soul, one and the same person as Jocelyn Luttrell. When we part

from Lady Rosabel at the end of "The Serious Wooing" do we not wonder if the call of the Piper will always triumph over her inbred convictions on the desirability of the little golden circlet and the approval of friends? To our doubt Mrs. Humphry Ward gives the answer, telling us that on the whole the step was never regretted, and that love satisfied a nature so long starved of love and comradeship. Sometimes, it is true, she wept for the loss of her young sister, occasionally she relapsed into silence and tears. It is difficult to break entirely the links that bind us to our early years, sometimes they are violently snapped, more often they wear thin with time. The picture of the man and woman surrounded by home-made shelves filled with socialistic and economical works, happy in their love for each other and their child, Julie, rich in this but poor in all else, reassures the friends of Lady Rosabel. If Rosabel, the emancipated Peeress, could have foreseen Julie's career, if she could have heard the wedding bells ringing for her marriage with the Duke of Chudleigh, she would have realised that her child did not offer the strongest arguments in favour of socialistic ethics. Would the happy revolutionist have approved of that worldly-wise finale?

All this may be considered a somewhat novel study in Biography, but does it not open up a singularly rich, peculiarly interesting and hitherto unworked vein of research? What for instance was the descent of Becky Sharpe? Who were the remote ancestors of the Forest Lovers? Had they ever heard of their relative—"Amadis of Gaul"? Sentimental Tommy must have been a scion of the house of Harry Richmond; and, turning to the drama, who can question that when the Admirable Crichton, disappointed in ladyships, established a public-house in the Harrow Road, he was remembering the priceless example of Thackeray's "*Jeames de la Pluche*"?

F. H. B.

"The Mind which builds for aye"

WE have still amongst us—several of the men in the street have heard his name—the greatest thinker of the nineteenth century, whose name will be remembered when those of Napoleon—whom Lord Wolsley thinks the greatest man that ever lived—and of other criminal lunatics have long been forgotten. Business necessities, which I do not pretend to understand, have so ordained it that on this side of the Atlantic only two of Mr. Herbert Spencer's books are to be had for less than an average price of about twenty-five shillings. In these days of War Commissions and so forth, one hesitates to add to the list of national disgraces, but there is assuredly something wrong with the education of a people that does not make it worth a publisher's while to issue epoch-making books at reasonable prices. However, there are two small books of Spencer's which are worth their weight in gold, and which can be had for more reasonable sums. If you are interested in education in any of its forms, from the making of gentlemen to the making of muscle in wrong and useless places—which is the latest educational fad—you will not do better than expend the price of a bad cigar on "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," first published in 1861, and now to be had at any bookstall for fourpence-halfpenny. Suffice it to say of this that from the highest down to the humblest legislator, we have yet to receive any evidence that the golden truths in this little tract would not be entirely novel to any of our rulers who might be imagined doing anything so intelligent as to read it.

The other book, which I recommend with all my heart to those who do not know it, is "The Study of Sociology" (1873), which has been unobtainable for some time, but which has just been offered in a twentieth edition. This is Spencer in a lighter mood; none the less wise but a little more engaging. It is to be had for three shillings and ninepence. In its pages you will find a vast quantity of most entertaining matter which our almost omniscient author has included by way of illustration. Are you reading Morley's "Gladstone"? You will find here a most amusing and, at the same time, profoundly instructive little episode in that versatile man's life, which Mr. Morley has refrained from inclusion within his pages. There was a little argument about Providence, in which the singular intellect of Mr. Gladstone is well displayed.

But these are minor matters. The significant thing about the "Study of Sociology" is that whilst it professes to deal with a great many now forgotten things that filled the newspaper placards thirty years ago, its bearing on our little national difficulties at this hour is as instant as and a thousand times deeper than any speech of the current week. I will not say of this unpretentious little book that it sees things *sub quadam specie aeternitatis*—in the sublime phrase of Spinoza—but I will say that nothing is more intimately characteristic of great thought than its entire imperishableness and its eternal youth.

If your interest be as deep in a man's manner as in his matter you will assuredly find reason to marvel at the felicity and lucidity with which our quondam civil engineer, practically ignorant of Latin and Greek and German, can express himself on the most intricate topics.

Oh! for a grain of that *cortex cerebri* under a cranium I know!

C. W. SALEEBY.

The next issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE will contain a special illustrated supplement dealing with the Autumn output of fiction.

Dramatic Notes

THE Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon has been the scene of much interesting work—is it not possible that some such playhouse within easy reach of London might be made a profitable concern? Say at Richmond? It might be made the English equivalent of Bayreuth, the theatre being devoted to special performances of operas and plays. Countless enthusiasts from our own country and from the United States set out as pilgrims to attend the performances in the great German musical centres, and the question is whether they go solely for the performances, or whether there is some subtle attraction about Germany itself. Would they be content to gain equivalent pleasure from equally excellent performances nearer home? It might be possible to induce continental operatic and theatrical managers to send over their companies after a series of performances at such a theatre as suggested, while managers here might find it indirectly, if not directly profitable to give a short series of special representations. The playhouse would of course be for the elect, those who do not mind paying their twenty marks for a seat at Bayreuth, or subscribing to a highly priced performance of "The Ring" at Covent Garden. The question of the mounting of the plays would naturally be difficult to solve, but the scenery might, when not practicable for stock scenery, be sold either on the Continent or in America. It would not require a millionaire to build the theatre, which should be on the Bayreuth pattern, plain but thoroughly practical.

BUT in certain scenic matters Bayreuth might be much improved upon. Efforts have been made, notably by Professor von Herkomer, to bring the scent of reality over the footlights. Admirable as are many of our scene painters, and lavish as is the expenditure of certain managers, the scenery of the stage to-day is seldom the scenery of nature. Even interiors are unreal; when a door is slammed apparently solid walls wobble, staircases quiver beneath the light weight of the leading lady, bells behave in the most eccentric manner. The open-air scenes are thoroughly unconvincing, strips of blue canvas do not look like the sky, shadows of actors thrown by the footlights upon distant mountains are more curious than beautiful, mossy tree trunks should not topple threateningly when leant against by despondent lovers, snow should not fall in streaks, suns should not set at the back of the stage while red light is shed on the scene from the front. We laugh at children for being able to make-believe, but we all are asked to do the same every time we visit the theatre.

THE question as to the proper manner to stage the plays of Shakespeare is ever with us. There are three courses which can be followed; the plays can be put upon the stage "regardless of expense," as is the case with Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of Richard II., where the play almost seems to have been chosen because it affords ample opportunity for magnificence, where the scenery and the dresses, the shoutings and the crowds, seem to be "the thing" rather than the play itself; the plays can be put upon the stage with mounting sufficient to suggest the background before which the scenes are enacted, and with dresses sufficiently accurate and costly to denote the date of the action of the piece; and the plays can be performed upon a bare platform and in Elizabethan dress as was the practice of the Elizabethan Stage Society. Is it too much to say that in their proper place all three methods are right? To turn Shakespeare into a sumptuous spectacle is to render the dramatist less than is his due, but it affords to the public a splendid object lesson in history; a

moderate mounting enables the spectator to realise the background of the play, while leaving him free to centre his attention on the drama and the effects of the actors; while the re-production of the mode of performance of Shakespeare's own day helps us to understand the circumstances under and for which he wrote. The more we see of his plays, and even the more varied the conditions under which we see them, the more we realise how great a practical dramatist he was, a fact of which we are apt to lose sight, dazzled by the splendour of his poetry.

PAINSTAKING is the most that can be said of Mr. G. H. Leigh's production of "The Tempest." There is nothing actually wrong, but there is also nothing quite right; over all there is an air of competency, but not of real accomplishment. Mr. Acton Bond is the most successful of the performers, though he makes Prospero rather too much like a male good fairy godmother, in his softer moments being too soft and in his sterner not sufficiently stern. Mr. Leigh makes a very mild beast of Caliban, who is a "beastly beast," not only in appearance but in voice, whereas as interpreted by Mr. Leigh his roars are too much akin to the notes of the dove; in a word, he is too human. Mr. Charles Lander was well intentioned as Ferdinand, as was Mrs. Leigh as Miranda. Is it possible to act Ariel aright? Is it certain that the part should be played by a girl? Surely a sprightly, mischievous boy would more likely attain to something approaching Shakespeare's creation.

OF the mounting of "The Tempest" I cannot speak highly, it is neither real nor ideal. The first scene in "The Vikings," as mounted by Mr. Gordon Craig, would make an ideal background for "The Tempest," which is, after all is said and done, a fairy tale, and should be dealt with as such, a touch of reality bringing the whole play toppling down. Mr. Leigh has provided us with rocks, not real rocks, but very painty rocks, and surely the rocks in fairyland are as real as elsewhere, unless I was grossly misled in the days of my youth. In short, the mounting of "The Tempest" lacks that touch of imagination which Mr. Beerholm Tree certainly possesses.

MR. TREE certainly takes for granted that no member of his audiences possesses any gift of imagination, possibly he is right; he leaves nothing to suggestion, as for example in the last scene of Richard II., where the contrast between the dead king and the living king, between misfortune and good fortune, is absolutely rammed down our throats. Better that, however, than the lack of imagination which mars the performance of "The Tempest"; a simple backcloth would have been better than shaky rocks, obvious gauzes and very earthy spirits. I hope for better things from Mr. Leigh, whose enterprise is great.

HERR GUSTAV VON MOSER, the German playwright, died at Gölitz on October 23, in his 79th year. He was the author of over seventy plays, chiefly distinguished for their humour, of some of which performances have been given in London.

MISS ELLEN TERRY will read the part of Desdemona for the British Empire Shakespeare Society in December at the Graham Street High School. A reading will also be given of Julius Caesar on November 20, at St. Mark's College, Chelsea; amongst those taking part will be Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. George Fitzgerald, and Miss Hutin Britten.

Musical Notes

THE statistics which have been published with reference to the recent Birmingham Festival go to show that as a whole, and notwithstanding the exceptional drawing capacity of one work, there was a falling off in the attendance and likewise in the receipts as compared with those of former years. More curious still, the audience of 2,149 attracted by "The Apostles" yielded less than that of 1,780 who attended to hear "Elijah," the amounts realised being respectively £3,008 and £3,397, though how these results came about it is a little hard to understand. Meanwhile it is not surprising to find that those local musicians who resented the importation of Dr. Richter's Manchester players are pointing what they consider to be the obvious moral, and without expressing an opinion as to the justness of their conclusion, one cannot help seeing that from their point of view they have some ground for feeling aggrieved. Admitting that the Manchester players were all that could be wished, it does not follow even so that they need have been exclusively employed.

PRESUMABLY it is one of the objects of these festivals to encourage the local development of the art—a consideration obviously ignored, however, when all the performers are imported from elsewhere. It is true that in former times they nearly all came from London, and that was doubtless an arrangement to be deprecated on similar grounds. What seems a reasonable contention is that at least as many performers should be drawn from Birmingham and neighbourhood as possible even though the performances resulting are a shade less perfect than those secured under the other system. But the question of the provincial festivals considered in relation to their effect on local musical culture is a very vexed one; and this latest aspect of it only goes to furnish yet another instance of that fact.

THE newly formed London Choral Society, which began its operations on Monday last under the direction of Mr. A. Fagge with a performance of the "Golden Legend," has owed its inception to the excellent performances secured by the Dulwich Philharmonic Society under Mr. Fagge's direction in the Choral Symphony when Mr. Weingartner conducted that work at the Queen's Hall last summer. That performance was so generally commended that Mr. Fagge took the hint, and with the co-operation of Mr. Vert has launched out in a more ambitious manner. At his future concerts he will doubtless see his way at least occasionally to introduce works of a somewhat less hackneyed order than the "Golden Legend," and in this case he should have no difficulty in attracting the support of amateurs. A really first-class choral body has been one of London's sorest musical needs for a long time past.

MEANWHILE Mr. Wood seems to be giving himself with characteristic energy to the training of the smaller choir which he recently formed—if one may judge, at least, from the tenour of his remarks at the first meeting of the new body: "Personally I am determined to make this a real earnest society, consisting of members who are enthusiastic, members who are determined to improve their vocal abilities, to interpret the works of the great choral composers with reverence and attention to beautiful musical tone, perfect diction, phrasing, intonation, attack, and a hundred other little details which go towards a fine choral performance." Mr. Wood is so famous as an orchestral conductor that one is sometimes in danger of forgetting his claims as a vocal teacher. By all the tokens it seems really justifiable to anticipate results of the

highest possible value from his newest undertaking. The only point in doubt, indeed, is whether London can furnish him in the first instance with raw material of the requisite quality.

A LARGE number of new or unfamiliar works are promised in connection with the new series of "Pops," which under the direction of Professor Kruse made an excellent start on Saturday last. Among these may be named Sir Hubert Parry's pianoforte trio in E minor, Sir C. Stanford's quartet in A minor and a new string quintet in F; a violin and piano sonata (Op. 18) by Richard Strauss; another for the same instruments by Busoni, a quartet and a quintet by Georg Schumann; a quartet by Mr. Donald Tovey; a trio by Mr. R. A. Walthew; quartets by Eugen d'Albert and Weingartner; a pianoforte quintet by Mr. Cyril Scott; and a sextet for strings by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke. At least it cannot be imputed to the new management that they are disposed, by neglecting novelties and sticking to the accepted ways, to repeat the errors of the old, and it is only to be hoped that the enterprise and energy with which they appear to be addressing themselves to their new undertaking may find due reward in the support of the public.

AMONG many forthcoming concerts, those given at Leighton House promise to maintain their interest and attractiveness. Given in the late Lord Leighton's studio (where in Lord Leighton's own time so much good music was heard) these concerts take place under particularly agreeable conditions, while under the guidance of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and with the co-operation of Sir H. Parry, Sir C. Villiers Stanford and others, they may be trusted to provide only music really worth hearing. Various chamber music organisations will appear during the season, including the Queen's Hall Wind Quintet. Various well-known artists have also been engaged as soloists, while Baron Erlanger's quintet for piano and strings is to be given among other works in the course of the season.

THE Vienna Philharmonic concerts, which under Richter's direction secured such world-wide fame, seem to be in a rather sad way just now. When Richter came to Manchester his place was taken by Mahler, who though an able conductor was continually at loggerheads with the authorities. After three years, therefore, he retired in favour of Helmesberger. Now Helmesberger in turn has gone, and the present outlook of the society appears to be anything but satisfactory. So much may be gathered indeed from the fact that the latest suggestion is to secure the services of some eminent outsider instead of a resident Viennese musician. Obviously under this arrangement, performances of the highest class would be exceedingly unlikely; to which it is added that a formidable rival has also arisen to the older body in the shape of the Vienna Concert Society. Probably by now the directors of the former body are regretting more than ever that they parted with the services of Dr. Richter.

MISS MARIE NICHOLLS, an American violinist who is to be heard at the St. James's Hall on Monday next, is playing then, among other things, a new work by Max Bruch which will be heard with some interest. This is a Serenade in four movements. Miss Nicholls uses, by the way, a valuable Nicolaus Gagliano violin described as of exquisite tone and workmanship. The instrument is said to have remained in the possession of an Italian family since 1768. It will now presumably see more of the world than hitherto.

THE Berlin musical world has been greatly excited, it has been announced, by the appearance of a new fiddling *wunderkind*, Franz von Vecsey by name. He is a Hungarian by birth, only ten years old, and plays the violin with an amount of musical intelligence and technique which has startled his most hardened critical hearers. Dr. Joachim, it is stated further, considers little Vecsey a remarkable player for his age, and predicts for him a wonderful future, and Dr. Joachim, if any one, should know something about prodigies. The paragraph reminds one indeed that in March next the sixtieth anniversary will be reached of the first appearance in London of a certain other fiddling prodigy, also Hungarian, who appeared in that month and year at the benefit given at Drury Lane to the manager-poet Alfred Bunn. Needless to say this was Dr. Joachim himself. Now it is sixty years, or nearly so, since that memorable *début*, and in the interim Dr. Joachim has won his place among the greatest violinists of all time. Indeed there probably never was a greater violinist than Dr. Joachim at his best since violins have been played. One could not express a fairer hope for Hungary's newest prodigy than that he may live to outshine the name of Joachim.

WHAT a memorable epoch in the history of music has been spanned by Dr. Joachim's career! Some day perhaps he will write his reminiscences. They would certainly make singularly fascinating reading. For those musicians of note whom Joachim has not encountered in the course of his career must be few indeed. And not musicians only. Hear him discourse, for example, on Moltke and Bismarck: "Moltke's love for music was something quite peculiar. The great general most liked compositions of a gentle character, for example, the beautiful Adagio in the violin sonata in F, by Beethoven, while he listened with quite particular pleasure to the middle section of Bach's concerto in D Minor for two violins. As to Bismarck, I only met him twice, the second time in the year 1896. He liked to listen to music quite well, but neither his interest nor his understanding for the art was very great."

"BUT I have often observed," continued Dr. Joachim on this occasion, "that celebrated people when they are not really musical are still able to appreciate the worth and importance of our art. The height of their mental culture makes musical appreciation possible to such natures often in an astonishing way. The most eminent example of this is Goethe. Take, for instance, the admirably deep words of Goethe on music in his novels, particularly in the 'Wanderjahren' and many other parts of his works. Think of his correspondence with Zelter, his admiration for Bach (whom Mendelssohn must always play to him). For Beethoven also, though even more for his personality than for his music, he showed the liveliest interest. Remember, too, Goethe's efforts in theoretical music—did it not lead him to compose himself? Still, in spite of all, one cannot say that Goethe was musical by nature. He attained it by his general strength of mind. With Charles Dickens I had the opportunity of observing something quite similar, though certainly not to the same extent." Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning, it may be added, were other famous men of letters with whom Dr. Joachim was well acquainted.

THE late Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus.Doc., was better known north of the border than in London and hereabouts, although it was at Rugby and Christ Church, Oxford, that he received his education and began the cultivation of those musical aptitudes which won him in due course the respect of all who were brought in contact with him. Born as long ago as 1830, it would not be

surprising to learn that Sir Herbert Oakeley was little in sympathy with the more recent developments of his art, even though he numbered that arch-progressive Liszt among the pastors and masters of his youth. To him it is safe to assume the less daring methods of his other teacher Elvey proved more generally acceptable. Certainly his own compositions never gave cause for suspecting him of any heretical tendencies. But by his labours in the cause of the best music in Edinburgh and elsewhere beyond the Tweed he won well-deserved repute, while as an organist of great skill, and Honorary Composer of music to the King in Scotland, he possessed further claims to remembrance.

New Music and New Editions

NEW music recently to hand includes works of all kinds and schools and from as many different publishers. Indeed if the output of new music in these times goes for aught we are indeed a musical people. Who shall deny that late years have witnessed a steady improvement in this class of work. The songs of such popular modern composers as Guy d'Hardelot, Noel Johnson, Hermann Löhr, Herbert Bunning, Frederick Norton, Reginald Somerville, Liza Lehmann, and many more who might be named, are always artistic and refined, and as such comprise a notable advance on songs of the same class which won popularity and pelf in earlier days. Examples of most of the composers above-named and many others are included in the works at present under notice. Two pretty songs by Herbert Bunning, for example, are "So Sweet a Rose" and "April Laughter" (Enoch and Sons). Miss Allitsen's "Hymn of Trust" is an effective setting of words by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Landon Ronald's "Nobody Knows" (words by R. H. Elkin) is a dainty little ditty which has the merit of being easily singable. All of these are from Messrs. Enoch. Messrs. Chappell send good examples of Florence Aylward, "The Life Beyond"; G. H. Clutsam, "You Pretty Rose"; and, among other things, a Suite of pleasant dances "In Days of Old," for piano solo, by Meredith Ball. An old familiar friend is Mr. Frank L. Moir, whose "Down the Vale" is a setting of that popular song in duet form (Boosey & Co.). So, too, of a truth, is Mr. J. L. Molloy, who joins forces once more to excellent purpose with Mr. F. E. Weatherby in "The Compleat Angler," while a capital example of Mr. Hermann Löhr's gift for picturesque writing is his setting of "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrène" (Boosey & Co.). From Messrs. Ricordi comes a song by Ellen Wright, "Fidelity," which is safe to win many admirers; while Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co. send an effective ditty, "The March Wind," by C. S. Aspinall; and another one, "Since," by Harold Garstin, also possessed of decided merit. An adaptation of Mascagni's *Intermezzo* as an "Ave Maria" was hardly required perhaps, but that which Messrs. Ascherberg have issued will doubtless find plentiful favour. Messrs. Augener send many attractive works, new and old; among the latter, further numbers of Signor Buonamici's edition of Beethoven's Sonatas (issued separately at a shilling each), which may be unhesitatingly commended by reason of their careful editing, fingering, and so forth, to the attention of the student. In "The Art of Scale Study," from the same hand, the method and practice of his master, Hans von Bülow, have been made the basis of the work. "Twelve Pieces" by Reinecke (Op. 262) have the merit of being within the capacity of the humblest executant, while those who seek more ambitious work may find it in a Suite by Raff (Op. 163), which, if not great, is at least decidedly effective. A volume of pleasant organ pieces to hand from the same firm are from the pen of Filippo Capocci, the principal organist of that great Roman church, San Giovanni in Laterano.

Art Notes

THE acknowledged event of the art week has been the opening of the exhibition of Whistler's etchings at Messrs. Obach's in New Bond Street. Now that the great master's personality presents no new subjects for controversy, enmities are being rapidly forgotten, and the real triumph of the man is universally acknowledged. During his life, artists, critics, and general public were divided into two camps, friends and enemies. There seemed no middle course. To-day he takes his place as he himself saw it, beside Rembrandt and Velasquez. In the "thing seen," beyond which, in his etchings, there was no attempt to pass, Whistler stands alone since Rembrandt. Delicacy and truth beyond all praise were his, and he never departed from consistent adherence to the rules formulated by himself in 1886, the third of which states that "in etching, the means used, or the instrument employed, being the finest possible point, the space covered should be small in proportion." All that there was to say Whistler could say on a copper plate of four inches by six inches, or six inches by ten inches.

At this exhibition, in which are 249 etchings, is given an almost complete impression of Whistler's art with the needle, although the known plates are believed to be nearly 375. The catalogue is arranged in chronological order, and is therefore a great help to students. The gallery has been specially hung with yellow silk.

A REPLICA of Rodin's "La Danaïde," the original of which is one of the treasures of the Musée du Luxembourg, has been loaned to South Kensington for a year. One cannot but wonder that such a work was not placed in the Renaissance gallery, but doubtless there were considerations of space involved, and since, after all, wherever such a masterpiece happens to stand, its effect on lovers of truthful, passionate sculpture must always be illuminating, one can only be thankful to the authorities for having secured it at all. Doubtless Mr. Watt, and his school, feeling that Michael Angelo is not at his best in sculpture, will have joined the throng which objects to what is termed the brutality of Rodin's method. But to Rodin there is beauty in every line and posture of the human form. He does not idealise. Hard muscles and world-battered faces do not repel him. Mere beauty of outline, polished and moulded into the highest type of conventional loveliness, present to him only the charm of splendid proportion and sweet repose, without intelligence, life, passion.

WITHOUT imitation, but in spirit and idea, this modern Frenchman suggests the force and character of the Italian Renaissance, the irresistible vitality of Michael Angelo—the fidelity of Donatello. Fortunately for the timid, the Danaïde is rather less uncompromising than much of Rodin's work, and may therefore be viewed with less shock to the conventionalities, while it retains all the freedom, the texture, the quality, and the splendid composition of the sculptor's best effort. The sense of life in the crouching figure, the sure, sensitive technique, express vividly the character portrayed, the utter hopelessness of the stricken woman. Truly an education to those unfamiliar with Rodin's work—an increasing delight to those whose opportunities and tastes have led them among the brilliant productions of to-day.

THE Royal Society of British Artists, at its exhibition in Suffolk Street, has greatly added to the attractions of its show by reducing the number of pictures exhibited, thus

making the hanging better and the view easier and more agreeable. Still, there are several members whose work is missed, especially the original touches of Mr. F. C. Robinson. It is also noticeable that Miss Joplin and Mr. Robert Sauber are not represented. "The Old Sanctuary in Bayeux Cathedral," in water colours, and "The Oriflame of Milan," in oils, show the president, Sir Wyke Bayliss, in good form, and Mr. Adam E. Proctor is as pleasing as usual in his tender pastorals "Showery Weather" and "A Backwater," while exhibiting unexpected dash and power in his "Gift of the Sea."

MR. HAL HURST has dropped into a decided reminiscence of Sargent in his portrait of Miss Barman, a vigorous work which leaves one in doubt as to whether the picture might have been left undone, or whether one is merely affected by a prejudice which after all is natural when one is unable to subdue memories of better things in the same treatment. But then—it is not a bad school to follow.

MR. GEORGE C. HAITÉ is happy in the subtle skill with which he portrays the splendour and glory of the Jubilee procession passing the Clock Tower in 1897; Mr. Orchardson does not disappoint us in his portrait of "Robert Bower, Esq.," and Mr. E. Erts is delightful and natural in his effective rendering of nude children in brilliant sunshine.

FOUR works worthily represent Mr. Wallace Rimmington, "S. Ives, Huntingdon," being perhaps the most interesting. One of the most powerful works of the exhibition is the "Etaples" of Mr. Borough Johnson, in which he has succeeded in expressing moonlight—the real atmospheric moonlight of a real night. For the rest, there is much that is worth seeing, and much—very much—that might well have been left out.

THE Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street, opened its attractive exhibition to the public on Monday. The small, well-lighted room is admirably arranged, the pictures having been selected seemingly with an idea to the fitness of things, and one can truthfully say that the collection, comprising, for the most part, works by men now living, contains nothing bad. Among the men of another age is a fine Charles Jaque, in the place of honour. A whole wall is given to the sketches of a Liverpool artist, Mr. R. Fowler, who paints charmingly in pale, silvery tones. The *Clair de Lune* of Le Sidauer is delicate and original.

IN "La National Gallery" of the series "Les Musées d'Europe," by Gustave Geffroy, the Librairie Nilsson, of Paris (London: 16, Rupert Street), has produced a most interesting addition to the literature of the British National Gallery. From the tasteful paper cover, designed by Georges Auriol, through the profusely illustrated matter, printed on heavy, glazed paper, the treatment is earnest, sympathetic, and informing. Beginning with an introduction which explains in few words something of the origin of the National Gallery, the author follows on with a delightful two-page discourse on the impression made by London upon the foreign traveller, and a desire is expressed to instruct such of his brethren as fear to cross the channel, or are for other reasons unable to do so.

LONDON, to Monsieur Geffroy, is "plus extraordinaires," in no way to be understood from a Paris standpoint, the strange, muddy atmosphere having coloured the façades,

the domes, the buildings themselves into a tone harmonising with the mud of the streets. Still, he finds it charming, whether in the National Gallery—"un musée délicieux de peinture. La, tout est bien classé, bien ordonné, bien espacé—une joie,"—in the British Museum, in South Kensington, all wonderful, or even at the restaurant "de l'aereté bread," to which latter he resorted for rest and amusement. Nelson seemed very highly placed in the great square of Trafalgar, but the exterior of the National Gallery was unbeautiful, small, and sad. The dome was especially distressing to the artistic Frenchman, as it has been to many an Englishman, but everything within was "enchanté," and could easily atone for much else that was not at all "enchanté." The chapters are arranged according to schools, beginning with the English, and going on through the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, and Spanish, ending with the French.

SEEING in all British work the strong influence of various continental schools, it is difficult for the author to decide just when the English school originated, or how, and he reaches the conclusion that in the true sense of the word there never was the beginning of an English school of art. Great credit is given to three "illustres voyageurs" who came to educate English taste, precedence being given to Hans Holbein. After Holbein, Rubens, who remained in England one year, and then Van Dyck, who reached London in 1632, with the souvenir, in his eyes and in his heart, "des beaux portraits de Rome et de Venise," and whom the author considers, by his talent and by the mode, the true founder of the English school, as such is recognised. With the Restoration, and the commission of Charles II. to reassemble the nation's dispersed works of art, came another stranger, this time a Westphalian, "appelé sir Peter Lely par les Anglais." Then Hogarth, of the pure Anglo-Saxon blood. Three delightful photogravures and several half-tones illustrate what the author considers the best work of this artist now in the National Gallery, while he regrets that certain other work does not belong to the nation. The photogravures after Hogarth include the portrait of his sister, the group of servants, and "After the Marriage."

OF the English school there follow Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Lawrence, Constable, Turner, and Millais, the last-named being illustrated by a single photogravure, the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, which Monsieur Geffroy considers, of Millais' work, "plus sobre et d'une inspiration plus élevée." Of appreciation of Turner there are ten pages, with twelve reproductions in half-tone and three full-page photogravures, the latter being of a high order, after the "The Fighting Temeraire," "The Garden of Hesperides," and "Fleet at Anchor." The continental artists, with few exceptions, are represented by one photogravure and one or two half-tones each. In a few instances it might be pardonable to suspect that the full-page illustrations had been made from gelatine plates, instead of by the regular photogravure process, especially as the French have attained to a fine mastery of this style of work, but even with this process it remains a delight and a mystery that one can obtain such a volume at a popular price. The frontispiece is a half-tone showing the façade of the National Gallery; Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons is incorporated in the title page, and the book closes with an excellent half-tone of Romney's Lady Hamilton, though of this artist the author really has very little to say.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO. publish a volume, "Portraits of Julius Cæsar," by Mr. Frank Jessup Scott, in which is re-produced a print of every known

statue, bust, medallion, drawing or painting of Julius Caesar. The first portion of the book is devoted to a "Brief of Caesar's Life," with a decided leaning toward Caesar; the rest of the work being a painstaking, conscientious and readable description of the portraiture. The amount of research work entailed in such a volume must have been enormous, and the result, to students of the great Roman, should be most satisfactory.

IN "The Great French Painters" (Duckworth & Co., 21s.), translated from the French of Camille Mauclair by P. G. Konody, we have a large and rather handsomely-bound book dealing with the history and influences of the various French Schools of Art from the days of romanticism to the present. The author deals, with facility and with a not too sensitive touch, with a host of the "isms" which have from time to time had their day in France. One could have wished for a few more illustrations of the work of Puvis de Chavannes, though in condensing into one volume anything like a comprehensive view of so large a subject as is here undertaken, it could hardly be possible to provide the reader with a complete resumé of the production and method of any one artist. It is pleasant to hear Camille Pissarro appreciated, even though one is forced to agree with the author that Pissarro must, because of his lack of that independence which makes a man follow his own bent, be rated only among the second class.

It seems odd that a man so firmly set in the particular way which he had accepted from the last school of leader under whose influence he came, should have fallen just short of real greatness because of a modesty which made him always cling to the tenets of someone other than himself whom he considered to be on the right track. No man suffered for his art more willingly or with greater singleness of purpose than did Pissarro, and few men have worked on with such diligence at so great an age. He knew that by following the line of least resistance he could always command a safe and respectable following, but with the idea of producing effects in what, for want of a better term, is called impressionism, he at one time allowed himself to become impoverished and almost without a place in the art of the day. Having married a peasant, he may have felt less of the hardship of living in the most dismal of French provincial surroundings, even existing in a house without a floor, but to a man of his temperament the loss of the comforts and little necessities of life must often have been very hard to bear. A peculiarity of Pissarro was his dislike for the cant of art, and for what are often considered the necessary adjuncts of the artist's work—a regular studio, &c. On one occasion, in 1900, I persuaded a nephew of his to take me to meet Pissarro at home. Imagine my surprise, after waiting a few moments in the drawing-room of the little flat, at being told that Pissarro worked in this room as often as he did anywhere else indoors, not feeling that he required anything more in the shape of accessories than his easel and materials, and not being at all annoyed at having them all deposited in a corner during such times as he was not at work.

THE current "St. George," the official journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, contains a lecture entitled "John Ruskin: a Vindication," being an address in four parts especially directed to working men. The author, Mr. Kará 'Αγγελίας, deals spiritedly, yet, in the main, temperately with Mr. Harrison's Ruskin in the English Men of Letters series, laying stress upon Mr. Harrison's "treatment of delicate episodes in his subject's life, and his appeal to the standards of those who are least refined among us—with the reflection that, to these departures from good

taste and their attendant outrages upon hospitality, the subject of this vindication could no more have been reduced than he could to theft or incest." The address vigorously combats the statement that Ruskin was "utterly unfitted by his very scanty learning, by habit, and by the cast of his mind" for the work he undertook, and the working classes are asked to consider the essentially moral and religious foundations of Ruskin's efforts, and his deep and unselfish devotion to the task of opening up broader and finer fields of thought for the masses.

FOLLOWERS of Ruskin and their opponents must alike find this vindication interesting, even though a goodly proportion of the former may feel that "vindication" of their master is wholly superfluous. For my part, any public discussion of "delicate episodes" in the lives of such men as Ruskin—or Carlyle—are pitiful, unnecessary, and sad stumbling-blocks in the paths of simple seekers after truth. Each of us has to pass alone through his own shadows, each frets over his own sore spot and tries at first to nurse it in private, and each suffers weakened powers of resistance when confronted by the unbandaged sores of others. Most of us have sufficient sympathetic knowledge of the weaknesses of others: why should our teachers endanger their influence by dwelling in detail before their pupils upon the unsavoury specks in what might be a bright and cleanly outlook?

"SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN RUSKIN," by Mr. Selwyn Image, one of his old pupils, makes a most interesting addition to "St. George." It is enthusiastic, but chatty, and gives in simple form some idea of how Ruskin taught.

VOLUME II. of "Modelling: a Guide for Teachers and Students," by Ed. Lanteri (Chapman and Hall, Limited, 15s. net.), with introduction by Sir W. B. Richmond, K.C.B., is a valuable addition to the list of text-books on art studies, and coming from such an authority as the Professor of Sculpture at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, is certain to find an appreciative public. "Elementary Design" and "Metal Work," by C. F. Dawson and Frank G. Jackson, respectively, published by the same firm, are less ambitious, but simple and understandable guides to the beginner in ornamental design and metal work.

MR. HUMPHREY WARD's book on George Romney, in which he is assisted by Mr. N. Roberts, to be published early in the year by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, is looked forward to with keen interest, not only because of its subject, but because of its author's well-known ability to handle his subject with skill and intelligent sympathy. Mr. Ward bought, some nine years ago, at the sale of Miss Romney's effects, the papers of her grandfather, including Romney's diaries from 1776 to 1795; also the artist's autograph memorandum-book of sums received from sitters, and many note-books, letters, and sketches, as well as the "Professional Engagements" records in the handwriting of Romney's servant, and the book of the frame-maker, William Saunders.

ARMED with this invaluable material; aided by much research among such records as the books of Messrs. Agnew, and fitted by long and careful study of art subjects as Mr. Ward is, the biographical value of the work, and the critical essay on Romney's productions, should combine to make up one of the important books of the year. The work has been in preparation for about four years, and the particulars of the pictures are in nearly every case exhaustive.

Correspondence

The "Legend" of Marie Bashkirtseff.

SIR,—Your reference to the remarkable article of Prince Karageorgevitch in the "Fortnightly Review," and your appeal to those responsible for the misrepresentations introduced into the diaries of Marie Bashkirtseff, seem to me to call for a few words of explanation and of warning. The Prince says: "There appeared some years ago in 'Black and White' an interesting article which has never been contradicted. This article proved that there is an error of four years in the dates of Marie's Diary. But it came too late."

I may explain that that article—"An Exposure and a Defence"—was written by me; it was published, signed only with my initial, in the first number of "Black and White," 6 February 1891, and was followed by another on 11 April in answer to replies and criticisms. In these two papers I showed how passages and dates must have been falsified before the diaries reached the hands of the biographer, M. Theuriet, who suspected nothing, nothing whatever—not even why he, a total stranger to Marie, had been selected for the office of editor in preference to any of the literary men who knew her well, and were acquainted with the circumstances of her life and with many of the occurrences she recounts. In reading the book I had been struck by a strange and persistent confusion of dates. I had read that, under date of the year 1874, Marie wrote of attending the Michael Angelo fêtes in Florence; and I knew that the fêtes took place in 1875. Now, why was there this alteration of a year except to catch up a year for a special purpose, or to cover a year dropped out in the Diary? My suspicion thus aroused caused me to read the book with great care and then to make full inquiries. The result was startling. As to the year seemingly caught up, I found that there was a missing period of four years constantly recurring which even the deliberate editing of the Diary had failed to eliminate. Those four years off Marie's age were important, for, as Prince Bjodjar Karageorgevitch truly implies, what lent the book its vogue and attracted public attention, and quickened the pen of Mr. Gladstone, was the extraordinary precocity of a child of twelve who could write like a woman and fall in love like an hysterical flirt with her unknown idol, the "Duke of H." Yet, however, M. Theuriet still suspected nothing, although the MS. Diary (of which I have reason to believe he never saw Marie's own original) ought to have put him on his guard. If, I asked at the time, Marie was not four years older than is represented in the book, what explanation does he offer of the following entries? "20th May 1882 [*when according to the book she is twenty-one years old*]. The law-suit has been disastrous. They say I am 25 years of age, and assume an independence on my part which is wounding;" again "30th March, 1883. They give me twenty-five years of age and that, angers me;" and again, "22nd June, 1884. . . . I am twenty-two. I am given more; not that I look old, but that when I was thirteen, at Nice, I was taken for seventeen and I looked it." Did M. Theuriet actually see nothing strange in this constant difference of four years—that the four had been deliberately taken off—if, indeed, the sentences had not been put in to cover the mystification?

It was the book itself that proved that all was not straightforward; but when prompted by curiosity and interest, I began to ascertain facts and details, I quickly understood the phenomenon (as we were asked to regard it) of a consummate and accomplished coquette at an age when other children of her years are still thinking of their dolls and frocks. Imagine the astonishment of Marie's friends, male and female, on the publication of her journal! They who in all relations with her in the course of their delightful intimacy were admitted to be her juniors, suddenly found themselves transformed by the book into her seniors! "*Taisez-vous*," she would say, laughingly, but quite seriously; "*je vous défends de me contredire; vous n'êtes que mon cadet et je vous le défends*." In the book Marie never once states whether she or her brother is the elder—a curious omission; as a matter of fact, he was the younger of the two. Yet in 1879 when he married and had to make a declaration of his age, he admitted his majority. Yet according to the journal Marie is only nineteen.

My inquiries brought to my knowledge many other facts to which it is best not allude—facts sad, pathetic, and painful—facts which account for much, if not for all, in the girl's strange life. They prepared me for the other revelations with which Prince Karageorgevitch has surprised the world—but which do not surprise me. Neither Marie nor M. Theuriet is to blame, no doubt, for the little mystifications which those who practised them succeeded in adding, as it was thought, to the interest of her personality and to

the solid circulation of her book. They are victims both, and Marie Bashkirtseff is to be not less honoured for her love of truth and honest introspection, because as a published diarist she is apparently not above suspicion. But the book sold marvellously.

To my first article came a feeble authorised reply—a furious denial of many things I had not said, an evasion of what I had said, and a threat of legal pursuit if the statements were not withdrawn. So far from their being withdrawn, they were easily confirmed, mainly from the book itself; and that confirmation was duly made, and "the matter then dropped."

And now, it appears, those who were led to believe and have now been undeceived, are turning upon poor Marie as if the fault were hers. When Miss Mathilde Blind was translating the book I took advantage of our friendship to warn her of the facts. But she would not be convinced; were she writing now, she would, I think, have presented us with a truer picture of the brilliant girl who has been so absurdly misrepresented for such seemingly trivial ends.—Yours, &c.,

21, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

George Cruikshank's "Pilgrim's Progress"

SIR,—On examining more closely the coloured print of "Christian Passing Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," I am inclined to think that its foundation is etching on glass, not lithography. If this is so, the fact would help us to its approximate date, as it was not until the year 1864 that George began to coquette with Mr. Hancock's ingenious, though unsatisfactory, invention—as unsatisfactory, indeed, as its predecessor in George's affections, glyptography, of which disease, as I have shown in "Cruikshank's Portraits of Himself," George's spirited venture, "Our Own Times," died in 1846.

Since writing last week I have been in communication with Mr. Frowde, and find that my print is in all essentials the same design as one of the illustrations to his forthcoming edition, though it varies considerably in the details, and, whereas Mr. Frowde's drawing on the wood measures 6½ inches in width, my "etching on glass" measures 11¼ inches, and is high in proportion.

As Mr. Spielmann says, it would be very interesting to learn why the "Pilgrim's Progress" series of illustrations were never published in George's life-time. It seems to me not unlikely that he was dissatisfied with their appearance when cut on the wood, and that later he contemplated their reproduction on a larger scale and in a different method, of which my example is perhaps the only completed specimen.

Certainly I am not surprised that the later venture should not have been proceeded with, as, interesting and curious though the print in my possession is, in artistic merit it is very far removed from Mr. Frowde's engraving of the same subject.—Yours, &c.,

Bull's Cliff, Felixstowe.

G. S. LAYARD.

P.S.—Since writing the above I learn from Mr. W. H. Chesson that there is a copy of the coloured print above-mentioned in the South Kensington collection, No. 10,043. The fact that this is inscribed "Geo. Cruikshank, 1871," curiously supports my conjecture that its foundation is from an etching on glass, as set out above.

Old Quebec

SIR,—In his generous and informative review of my book, "Old Quebec," Mr. Bradley pays honour to Mr. Arthur Doughty's six volumes on Wolfe's Campaign, and suggests that my colleague and myself appear to be lacking in appreciation of this masterly work. Mr. Doughty's volume only came into my hands, and was indeed only published, after "Old Quebec" was written and printed. Had it been published before, our own work would have gained by reference to it.

I heartily join with Mr. Bradley in admiration of Mr. Doughty's patriotic labours.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT PARKER.

"Double Possessive"

SIR,—From a copy of to-day's ACADEMY AND LITERATURE which I have received this morning, I learn that a discussion has been going on in your columns concerning the so-called "double

possessive." Not having seen what has been written on the subject, I do not know whether anyone has pointed out that the idiom in question, being really part of the history, not of the possessive case, but of the preposition "of," has been dealt with historically in the "New English Dictionary" under that word (sense 44, page 71 of letter "O") the only place where a dictionary can deal with it. It is there shown that the sense was originally, in every instance known, *partitive*, as in Chaucer's "any neighebores of myne," i.e., any neighbour from among my neighbours. So far as we know it, it was not till about 1600, or later, that it was gradually laid hold of to express the simple possessive in constructions where the latter was no longer possible or convenient. Thus Milton said "That sacred head of thine," because "that thy sacred head" and "that sacred head of thee" were alike awkward or ambiguous; just as "that wife of mine" is now preferred to "that my wife," or "that wife of me." Of course we could say, "that woman who is my wife" or "that wife who is mine," but we prefer the shorter way of putting it. It is entirely analogous to many other uses of *of* in English syntax, in which the preposition really couples two things or clauses of which the one does not form part of the other, but its whole, so that they are logically in opposition. Thus "the fact of your having been there," means "the fact, that you were there," where "that you were there," or "your having been there" is itself "the fact," the *of* being now merely specifying or determinative: "this fact," viz., "your having been there." So "that wife of mine" now = "that wife," viz., "mine." A study of the history of *of* will show how these idioms grew, because they were useful and needed.—Yours, &c.,

Oxford, 24th October 1903.

J. A. H. MURRAY.

[Correspondence re-opened, but must now finally close.]

Present Day Fiction

Sir,—The letter of "One of Them" in last week's ACADEMY is interesting as an illustration of the mental aberration which characterises the average publisher. There is nothing in all the world that he would not do if only one of us miserable latter-day weaklings would submit "a really strong MS." to him: "go on his knees from Bedford Street to Waterloo Bridge and back"? Only give him the chance! Stand still for a moment and watch; there they come, he and his "colleague" who lent him a phrase! Now what would almost certainly happen in the event suggested?

Acting in accordance with the best tradition of his craft, he would return the MS. with thanks.

These gentlemen seem to forget that their predecessors for centuries were busily engaged in rejecting the masterpieces of the world, and that the world has long ago been quite alive to the fact.

Let me give a few instances; well-known it is true, but worthy to be borne in mind. When the author of "Tom Jones" had the effrontery to ask £25 for it, he was laughed at, though it is true that later on the bold adventurer who published the book made £18,000 out of it before he died. "Robinson Crusoe" went a whole round of publishers before finding a home; the journeyings of "Jane Eyre" are known to every schoolboy; "Eothen" was rejected on all hands; the "Dutch Republic" was "returned with thanks"; so too was Carlyle's "French Revolution."

Is "One of Them" any better than these? The history of almost every first effort is conclusive against him.

The evil that these modern despots inflict upon letters is unfortunately not confined to this feature alone, it is positive as well as negative; the stuff they boom for all they are worth is almost invariably bad.

If a woman novelist, after pages of weary vulgarity, keeps her readers in doubt for half a volume as to whether her heroine is to be all in all to her lover for two little days or not, boom the book!

Every silly miss in England will read it, and of course lay to heart its stupendous moral.

If a man writer, who has forsaken his art, publishes a volume of inflated doggerel and calls it by a name that suggests "expansion," or whatever else happens to be the imbecility of the moment, trumpet it to the ends of earth; bid the people uncover in the presence of a master-mind, a poet in the flesh; let them learn how a battleship is a "bully," and, having done so, dwell fervently and long on the beauty and mystery of such lines as

"Files."
"Files."
"Files."

—Yours, &c.,

A NEW WRITER.

[Other Correspondence held over.]

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. It will be helpful if the envelope be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archæology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions

LITERATURE

ESMOND.—What authority is there for the statement sometimes made that Elizabeth Chudleigh, Countess of Bristol, was the prototype of Beatrix in Thackeray's novel?—*Carthusian*.

LAYAMON.—Is there any "Life"?—*A. Q.*

"TALES OF THE GENIE," by Sir Charles Morell.—Are these tales still obtainable?—*Old-Boy*.

CHABRE'S POEMS. HEADING TO PREFACE.—

"Ipse per Ausonias Eneia carmina gentes
Qui sonat, ingenti qui nomine pulsat Olympum;
Mœniumque senem Romano provocat ore:
Foris illius nemoris latuisset in umbrâ
Quod canit, et sterili tantum cantasset avenâ
Ignotus populi; si Mæcenate careret."

—LUCAN, "Paneg. ad Pisones."

Will some reader of the ACADEMY kindly say where I can obtain a good translation of the above?—*Quill*.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.—

"The inexorable logic of facts."—*A. O'C.*

"The sleep of the just."—*E. A. R.*

Can any of your readers tell me the author of some lines beginning:—

"Let us take to our hearts a lesson:
No lesson can braver be,
From the ways of the tapestry-weavers
On the other side of the sea."

Also the author of the well-known:—

"La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour, &c."—*A. T.*

ART

FRANS HALS.—Can any reader tell me where I can obtain the evidence of the date of this painter's birth. Has the exact year ever been determined?—*P. H.*

THORWALDSEN.—Is there any English biography?—*D.*

GENERAL

SHELLEY, BYRON AND KEAT'S LITERARY COMPETITION.—Address wanted of Mrs. Rose Crawshaw, or of anyone from whom next year's lists of subjects can be obtained?—*M. H.*

"M. B. WAISTCOAT."—What was this garment, and whence its name?—*S. M. H.*

"CRACK A BOTTLE."—Why "crack"?—*G. B.*

Answers

LITERATURE

MILTON'S "LYCIDAS." "Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe."—The flower here referred to belongs to the legend of Hylcinthus, a youth of Sparta, accidentally killed by Phebus Apollo with a quail. In his remorse Apollo caused a flower to spring from the blood, and upon its petals were inscribed the characters *Al. Al.* Ovid describes the flower as lily-shaped and of a purple or sanguine colour. It is suggested that the Gladiolus is the flower which gave rise to the legend, as upon its petals letters may sometimes be traced. The Yellow Iris has also been suggested, and the Martagon, or Turk's Cap, which is blood-colour with black spots on its petals. The modern Hyacinth may be named after the hapless youth, but not for any reason as to its connection with the story of his death.—*S. C.*

MILTON'S "LYCIDAS."—"Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe." The flower is Delphinium or Larkspur, commonly found in Swiss gardens.—*Edward Palmer*.

MILTON'S "SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE."—"Now timely sing ere the rude bird of hate Fortell my hapless doom in some grove nigh." In lines 6, 7 of the Sonnet reference is made to the old belief that it is an omen of ill-luck to hear the Cuckoo before the Nightingale, especially in matters of love. The lines quoted by "W. M." are in the invocation to the Nightingale to hasten to begin her song, and thus avert the threatened misfortune of the Cuckoo being first heard. The Cuckoo's misfortune—and established—character of neither building a home for her young nor protecting them occasions the use of the epithets "rude" and "of hate."—*S. C.*

THE RELIGION OF ALL SENSIBLE MEN.—I believe Talleyrand was the author of the saying connected with the above, and that Disraeli with deft art dressed up the well-known *mot*: "All sensible men have one religion." "What is that?" "Sensible men never tell."—*Edward Palmer*.

GENERAL

"SO LONG."—Is it not possible that Walt Whitman derived this form of farewell not from a Dutch but from an English source? I have long cherished the notion, a mere conjecture, that "So long" is a barrack-room corruption of "Salam" (Peace).—*S. B. T.*

MUSICAL

DR. ELGAR.—In reply to "M. A." there is a good biographical article on Elgar in the "Musical Times" for October 1900, and also biographical and critical articles in the "Neue Musik Zeitung" and "Die Musik" (Heft 7), both for January 1903. "M. A." might also consult with advantage an article by Ernest Newman in the "Contemporary Review" for November 1901 on "English Music and Musical Criticism."—*I. B. M.*

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New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Drummond (Robert J.), *Faith's Perplexities* (Hodder and Stoughton) 5/0
 Brown (Charles), *Light and Life* (Religious Tract Society) 3/6
 Hawtreys (Valentina), translated by, "The Life of Saint Mary Magdalen" (Lane) net 5/0
 Lewis (Rev. H. Elvet), *By the River Chebar* (Hodder and Stoughton) 3/6
 Cochran (May), *How the King of Glory Came* (S.P.C.K.) 2/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

- Bennett (E. T.), *The Poetical Work of George Parlow* (Glasisher) net 1/0
 Johnson (E. A.), *Translated by, The Gulshahi-Raz* (Al-Mokattam Printing Office, Cairo) 1/0
 Moore (T. Sturge), *The Centaur's Booty* (Duckworth) net 3/6
 Binyon (Laurence), *The Death of Adam and other Poems* (Methuen) net 5/0
 Baughan (B. E.), *Reuben and other Poems* (Constable) net 5/0
 The *Aeneid of Virgil*, Books I-VI, translated into Blank Verse, by Henry Smith Wright (Kegan Paul) net 5/0
 Israfel, *Musical Fantasies* (Simpkin) net 4/0
 Arlé (Hamilton), *Past and Present* (Bell) 3/6
 Riversdale (Paule), *Echos et Reflets* (Lemerre) 3 fr
 Canning (Hon. Albert S. G.), *Shakespeare: Studied in Eight Plays* (Unwin) net 16/0
 Hope (Laurence), *Stars of the Desert* (Heinemann) net 5/0
 Stray Verses on Sacred Subjects, by C. I. K. (S.P.C.K.) 1/0
 Alexander (Mrs.), *Hymns for Little Children* (") 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Gerard (Lt. Gen. Sir Montagu Gilbert), *Leaves from the Diary of a Soldier and Sportsman* (Murray) net 16/0
 Deutsch (Leo), *Sixteen Years in Siberia* (") net 15/0
 Alexander (Eleanor), *Lady Anne's Walk* (Arnold) 7/6
 Hughes (Charles), *Shakespeare's Europe: Fynes Moryson's Itinerary*, 4th Part (Sherratt and Hughes) net 15/0
 Bridge (Sir Frederick), *Samuel Pepys, Lover of Music* (Smith, Elder) 5/0
 Hill (S. C.), *Three Frenchmen in Bengal* (Longmans) 7/6
 Ward (Adolphus William), *The Electress Sophia and the Hanoverian Succession* (Goupil) net 63/0
 Sorel (Albert), *L'Europe et la Révolution Française* (Plon-Nourrit) 8 fr.
 Main (Archibald), *The Emperor Sigismund* : (Stanhope Essay 1903) (Blackwell) net 2/0
 Klein (Hermann), *Thirty Years of Musical Life in London 1870-1900* (Heinemann) net 12/6
 "Sigma," *Personalities* (Blackwood) net 5/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Knight (E. F.), *South Africa After the War* (Longmans) net 10/6
 Burne (David), *The Golden Stair. A Chronicle of Havenhurst* (Burns and Oates) 10/6
 Johnson (Clifton), *The Land of Heather* (Macmillan) net 8/6
 Lumsden (James), *Through Canada in Harvest Time* (Unwin) 6/0
 Clifford (Hugh), *In Court and Kampong* (Richards) 6/0
 Hay (Hon. John), *Castilian Days* (Heinemann) net 10/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

- Lee (Vernon), *Hortus Vitae. Essays on the Gardening of Life* (Lane) net 3/6

ART

- Meynell (Alice), *Children of the Old Masters (Italian School)* (Duckworth) net 42/0
 Manclair (Camille), *The Great French Painters* (") net 21/0
 Geoffrey (Gustave), *Louvre, La National Gallery* (Nilsson) 10/6
 Wülfen (Heinrich), *from the German of, The Art of the Italian Renaissance* (Heinemann) 10/6

MISCELLANEOUS

- Dewar (D.), *Animals of No Importance* (Thacker) 7/6
 Maxwell (Sir Herbert), *Memories of the Months*, 3rd Series (Arnold) 5/0
 Shaw (L. H. De Visser), *Suip and Woodcock* (Longmans) 5/0
 The Nonconformist Conscience, by One who has had it (Nash) 5/0
 Agacy (Henry A.), *Free Trade, Protection Dumping, Bounties and Preferential Tariffs* (Longmans) net 2/6
 Clark (T. M.), *The Care of a House* (Macmillan) net 6/6
 Neil (C. Lang), *Amateur Theatricals, A Practical Guide* (Pearson) 3/6
 Basset (Beno), *Contes Populaires D'Afrique* (Gallimot) 7/6
 Cowie (Archibald Greig), *The Sea Services of the Empire as Fields for Employment* (Treherne) net 10/6
 Leisure Hour Annual Volume 1902-3 (Religious Tract Society) 7/6
 The Sunday at Home. Annual Volume 1902-3 (") 7/6

EDUCATIONAL

- Marshall (F. H.), *Edited by, Livy. Book VI* (Clay) 2/6
 Edwards (G. M.), *The Story of the Kings of Rome* (") 1/6
 Maish (Prof.), *A Manual of Greek Antiquities* (Dent) 1/0
 Sonnenschein (E. A.), *Pro Patria, A Latin Story for Beginners* (Sonnenschein) 2/6
 Brown (Harold G. Haig), *French Phrases with Exercises* (Williams and Norgate) 1/6

JUVENILE

- "The Tailor of Gloucester," by Beatrix Potter (Warne), net 1/0; "Horses, Guns, and Dogs" (Young England Library) (Allen), 6/0; "What is This?" An Object Book for Children (Warne); "British History" (Warne); "The Children's Book of Happy Days," by E. F. Manning (Warne); "The Wide World Painting Book" (Warne); "Ride a Cock Horse and other Rhymes" (Warne); "Our Dollies" (Warne); "Our Holidays" (Warne); "The Children's A.B.C." (Warne); "The King's Esquires," by G. Manville Fenn (Richards), 6/0; "Nature—Curious and Beautiful," by Richard Kerr (Religious Tract Society), 3/6; "Donny's Captain," by E. Livingston Prescott (Religious Tract Society), 2/0; "Lords and Ladies," by A. and S. Sharpley (Brimley Johnson), 1/6; "I've Seen the Sea," by A. and S. Sharpley (Brimley Johnson), 1/6; "The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes," edited by Walter Jerrold (Blackie), 7/6; "In Search of the Okapi," by Ernest Glanville (Blackie), 6/0; "With the Allies to Peking," by G. A. Henty (Blackie), 6/0; "Foes of the Red Cockade," by Captain F. S. Brereton (Blackie), 6/0; "Through Three Campaigns," by G. A. Henty (Blackie), 6/0.

FICTION

- "Verona's Father," by D. Christie Murray (Chatto), 6/0; "The Angel's Portion," by Algernon Gissing (Chatto), 6/0; "Tychiades," by Alfred Dickson (Unwin), 6/0; "Miss Petticoats," by Dwight Tilton (Ward, Lock), 6/0; "The Key of

Paradise," by Sidney Pickering (Arnold), 6/0; "The Yellow Holly," by Fergus Hume (Dixby Long), 6/0; "Part of their Pathway," by Morton Ellars (Digby Long), 6/0; "A Modern Marguerite," by Samuel Lloyd (Digby Long), 3/6; "The Devil's Throne," by Elizabeth Whiteley (Digby Long), 6/0; "The Evil Eye," by Daniel Woodroffe (Heinemann), 6/0; "Long Will," by Florence Converse (Longmans), 6/0; "John Maxwell's Marriage," by Stephen Gwynn (Macmillan), 6/0; "Sanctuary," by Edith Wharton (Macmillan), 3/6; "Windfalls," by Robert Altken (Morton), 6/0; "Drinkers of Hemlock," by Stoddart Walker (Morton); "The Runaways," by Nat Gould (Everett), 1/0; "Musk of Roses," by Mary L. Pendered (Cassell), 6/0; "Her Own People," by B. M. Croker (Hurst and Blackett), 6/0; "The Secret of the Hill," by Bernard Capes (Smith, Elder), 6/0; "The Most Secret Tribunal," by E. Livingston Prescott (Richards), 6/0; "Quaint Companions," by Leonard Merriek (Richards), 6/0; "The Conscience of Roger Treherne," by Evelyn Everett-Reen (Religious Tract Society), 3/6; "The Vices of the Virtuous" (Richards), 3/6; "Tobacco," by the author of "Stronbury" (Hodder and Stoughton), 1/0; "Stronbury," by the author of "Tobacco" (Hodder and Stoughton), 5/0; "Doctor Xavier," by Max Pemberton (Hodder and Stoughton), 6/0; "The Making of a Woman," by Amy Le Feuvre (Hodder and Stoughton), 6/0; "The Gaily House," by Fergus Hume (White), 6/0; "The Mistress of Bonaventure," Harold Bindloss (Chatto), 6/0; "Nobody's Baby," by Tom Gallon (Nash), 6/0; "What we Dream," by Frances Harrod (Duckworth), 6/0; "True Eyes and the Whirlwind," by Randolph Bedford (Duckworth), 6/0; "The City of Quest," by Dora Greenwell McChesney and L. Studdiford McChesney (Dent), 4/6.

NEW EDITIONS

- "Micah Clarke," by A. Conan Doyle; "Rodney Stone," by A. Conan Doyle; "The White Company," by A. Conan Doyle; "The Refugees," by A. Conan Doyle (Author's Edition) (Smith, Elder); "The Odes of John Keats" (Grant) net 0/6; "The Sensitive Plant," &c., by Shelley (Grant) net 0/6; "A Dream of Fair Women," by Tennyson (Grant), 0/6; "Rabbi Ben Ezra and Abt Vogler," by R. Browning (Grant), net 0/6; "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Dr. Goldsmith (Methuen); "The Caxtons," by Lord Lytton (Nelson), net 2/0; "Curiosities of Natural History," by Francis T. Buckland (Methuen), 3/6; "The Arden Shakespeare: 'The Life of King Henry the Fifth,' edited by Herbert Arthur Evans (Methuen), 3/6; "Asia and Europe," by Meredith Townsend (Constable), net 5/0; "A Race with the Sun," by Mrs. L. T. Meade (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "An Inquiry into the Principles of Free Trade," by John Alexander Neale (King), 1/0; "Old Christmas," from the Sketch Book of Washington Irving (Macmillan), net 2/0; "Brookbridge Hall," by Washington Irving (Macmillan), net 2/0; "Money and Credit," by Wilbur Aldrich (Grafton Press); "The Student's Handbook to the University and Colleges of Cambridge" (Clay), net 0/0; "The Convivio of Dante Alighieri" (Dent), net 1/6; "Geoffrey of Monmouth," translated by Sebastian Evans (Dent), net 1/6; "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta," by Edward Carpenter (Sonnenschein), 4/6; "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," by Henry Harland (Lane), 6/0; "The Book of Snobs," by W. M. Thackeray (Macmillan), 3/6; "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green, Part 35 (Macmillan), 0/6 net; "Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum," by Robert R. Dolling (Brown, Langham), 6/0.

PERIODICALS

- "Quarterly Review," "Woman at Home," "Chamber's," "Journal of Comparative Literature," "Ancestor," "Magazine of Art," "Boy's Own," "Leisure Hour," "Girl's Own," "Cornhill," "Idler," "Longman's," "Windsor," "Ainslee's," "Theological Studies," "School World," "St. Nicholas," "Century," "Temple Bar," "Macmillan's," "Political Science," "Photogram," "Empire Review," "Harper's," "Connoisseur."

In the Magazines

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL, "James Abbot McNeill Whistler," by Mr. Harry Quilter; "Thirty Years of First Nights," by Mr. W. Moy Thomas; JOURNAL OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE (New York), "Le Moine de Lewis dans la Littérature Française," by Professor Ferand Baldensperger; "Molière en Italie," by Professor Pietro Toldo; CORNHILL, "Blackstick Papers (Miss Horace Smith)," by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie; "Chateaubriand and His English Neighbours," by the Rev. D. Wallace Duthie; CASSELL'S, "The Lighter Touch: Our Woman Dramatists," by Marie A. Belloc; LONGMAN'S, "The Nemesis of Froude," by A. L.; WINDSOR, "A Painter of the Sea Coast, Mr. Elmer Keene and his Art," by Adrian Margaux; TEMPLE BAR, "Thomas Linacre, M.D.," by Sidney Denton; "The 'Uber' Movement in Germany," by Anita MacMahon; MACMILLAN'S, "A Lesson in Biography" (Mr. Morley's Gladstone); THE CENTURY, "Thackeray's Friendship with an American Family" (Unpublished Letters); THE EMPIRE REVIEW, "Mr. Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,'" by Lord Welby; "The Rhodes Scholarships," by South African.

NOTICE

Answering some complaints reaching us of difficulties in obtaining THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE—Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's Bookstalls usually order an ample supply, and the leading Booksellers in London and all Provincial Towns (too numerous to detail) also stock THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. But to avoid disappointment it is best to place a regular order. We shall, however, always be glad to enquire into any difficulty.

